Something for the Silent Majority *Edwin L. Dale, Jr.*

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A Journal of Politics and the Arts — November 29, 1969, 40 cents

Rocking the Foundations

David Sanford

The Old Agnew *Gerald W. Johnson*

Where Is Pat? *John Osborne*

FALL BOOKS: Reviews by Stanley Kauffmann, Selig S. Harrison, Kenneth Boulding, Louis Coxe Adam Yarmolinsky, Charles T. Samuels, Reed Whittemore, Saul Maloff,

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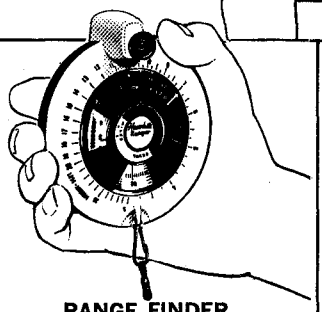

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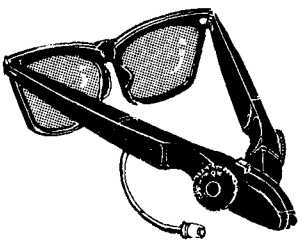

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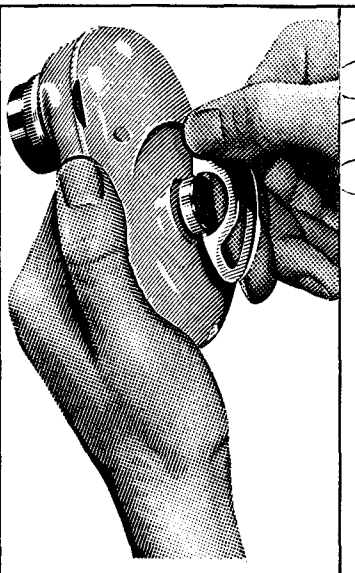

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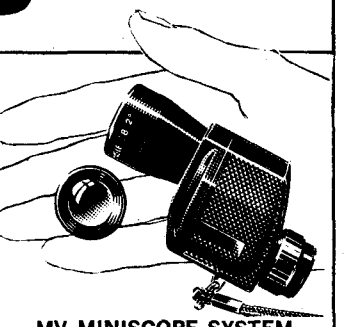

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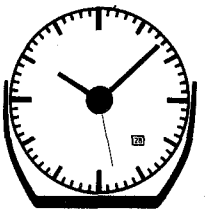

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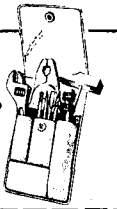

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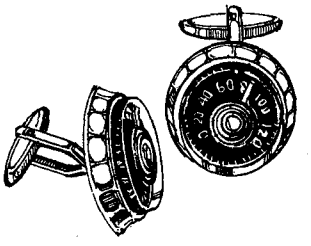

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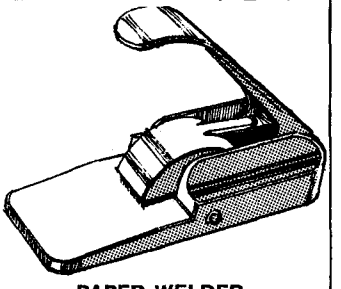

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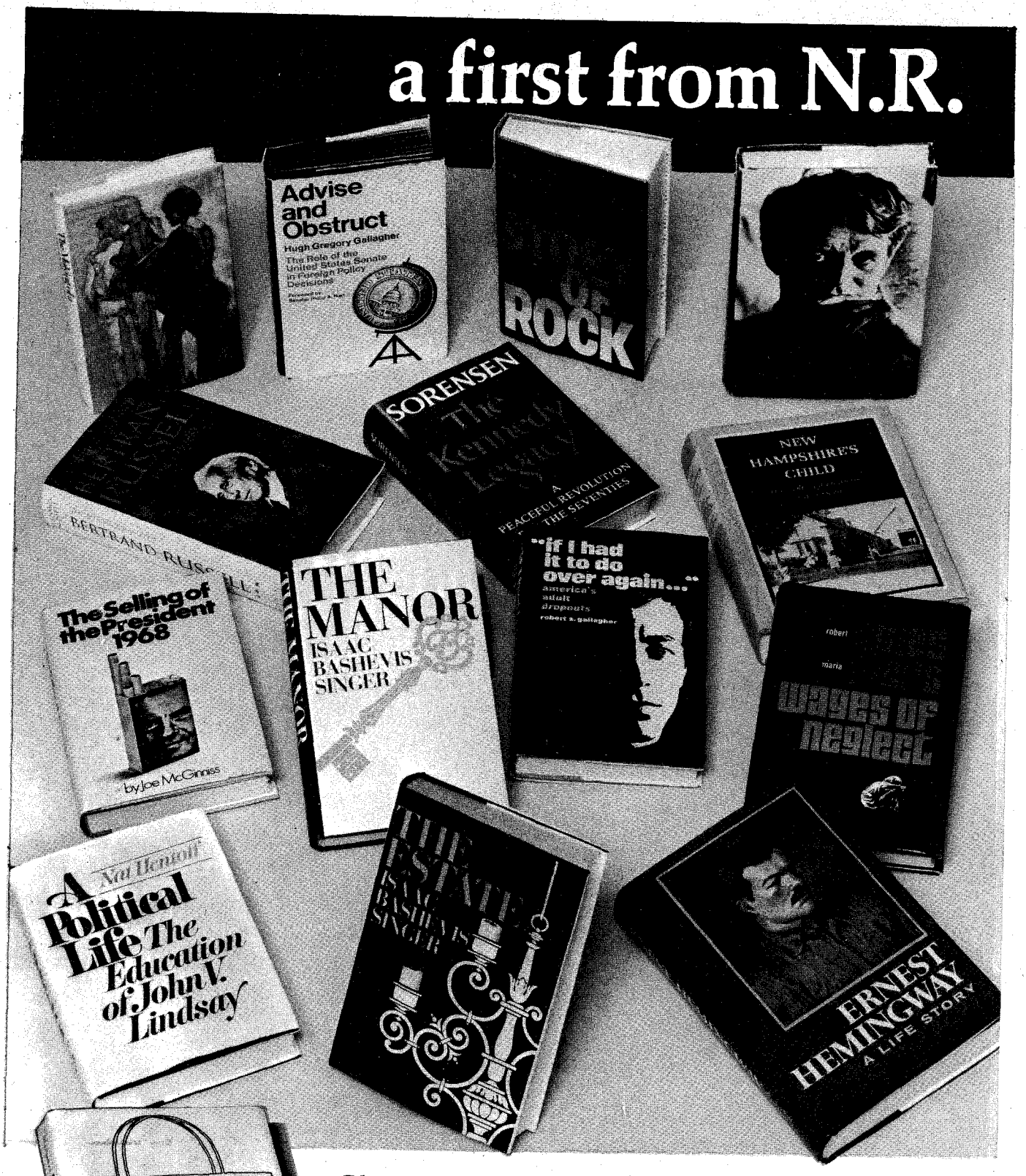

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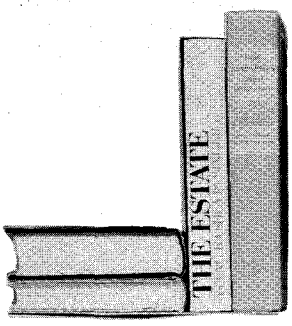

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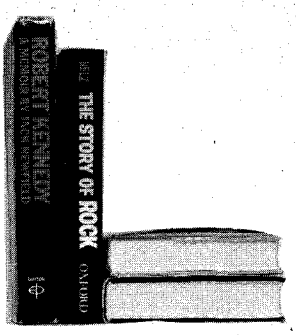

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Hit that Line!

Washington is ankle-deep in history and it is always fun to consider how today's events will look 40 years from now. Most of us pass the noble old White House and think of Lincoln or something heart-lifting like that, but it has had its gaudier moments, too. We have been ploughing through *The Shadow of Blooming Grove: Warren G. Harding in His Times* by Francis Russell. Maybe it isn't nice to mention it, but next time we go to a press conference (Mr. Nixon has had only seven in ten months) we shall wonder which was the coat closet where Harding had his tryst with Nan Britton down among the rubbers and galoshes. The Secret Service, you may not recall, kept the infuriated Duchess at bay.

Now we have a new speculation; 40 years hence, when the fury and frustration of Vietnam are over, will they recall the chamber where Mr. Nixon watched the Purdue-Ohio State football game on TV, while a quarter of a million young people – mostly white, middle-class and eager tried to get his attention to tell him their feelings about the war? Washington is a city of symbols; surely that episode, trivial in itself, will be remembered. Mr. Nixon wouldn't see them, or a delegation. The White House was barricaded with buses, bumper to bumper. He went to another football game next day.

The youngsters made the biggest crowd we have ever seen in one place at one time. True, they say Gen. Eisenhower had a million people in India; but you can get a crowd in India if you just change a tire.

We often find the Nixon Administration astonishing. Back at the Oct. 15 Moratorium the President might just as easily, we think, have put himself at the head of the youngsters seeking peace – both sides want de-escalation after all, though they differ on the formula. Almost any recent President we can think of (except Hoover) could have somehow got his message over and parted from his petitioners graciously at least. But no, there are gloomy elements in the Administration that see confrontation as predestined as original sin; that want to make rebellious youth a scapegoat, to isolate it, to use it as a hate-symbol for the Nixon-elect.

We were really surprised, too, that the Administration would have the audacity to make its frontal attack on television (and inferentially the press in general). Most of us have a gripe against that unsatisfactory monster TV, of course, but that isn't the question. The question is how far will the somber Administration go?

When Mr. Agnew speaks he is speaking for Mr. Nixon – it is silly to pretend that he isn't; his attack on TV was written right in the White House. If he cows the timid media the situation is a good deal worse than we had supposed. Mr. Nixon, rightfully enough, had free time on all networks on an important speech, and Mr. Agnew in turn had free time, too. Audiences ranged from 15 to 70 million, while the headless Democrats made no reply at all. Is it unreasonable to be a little anxious?

What Harriman Said

The *New York Post* after the Agnew attack had the enterprise to reprint the full textual commentary given on all three TV networks immediately after the Nixon Vietnam speech, and we have read every word of it. Perhaps we are prejudiced but really, we thought Frank Reynolds, Eric Sevareid, Howard K. Smith, Dick Scammon and all did a good, balanced extemporaneous job. We looked particularly at what Ambassador Averell Harriman said. We admire him and feel he deserves something better than a gutter-snipe attack that sounds like the old Nixon talking through a new Charlie McCarthy.

To our surprise the Harriman comment was not an "attack" on Mr. Nixon at all, though he did differ from him in many particulars. "I'm sure he wants to end this war," he began. He said, "I'm utterly opposed to these people that are talking about cutting and running." His tone was mild, reasonable, considerate (or else we are crazy). It is true, he wanted Mr. Nixon to put more pressure on Thieu, and he would work hard for a ceasefire. But attack? – no. He actually agreed with Mr. Nixon on particulars: that "there might well be a reign of terror if there was a complete pullout."

Look at this conclusion and judge for yourself. Mr. Harriman speaking: "I want to end by saying I wish the President well. I hope he can lead us to peace. But this is not the whole story that we've heard tonight."

Is that inflammatory? Is that unfair? Does that deserve the kind of graceless taunt that it received?

Maybe Mr. Nixon has gained advantage by his vehement counterattack – we won't know till the dust has settled. Our impression is that things were going badly for the Administration this fall (which is too bad, in a way, because we are all in the same boat) and that he struck out blindly at the "Washington-New York axis" when it told him so. The theory that his Administration is the victim of some kind of a conspiracy is almost as hard to accept as that in all particulars he has the silent majority on his side. Surely the great news weeklies, television and radio, the multi-circulation picture magazines, know something about commercial majorities, too?

Well, here is *Newsweek*, Oct. 13, with a front-cover feature, "Nixon in Trouble." Here is *Time*, the same Monday with a similar piece, "Nixon's Worst Week." Is this juxtaposition a conspiracy – both warning the President and both published in New York? How silly can you get.

Then here is *Look*, hardly part of the Eastern Establishment since the Cowles people are out in Des Moines. Here's an article (Nov. 18) by their foreign editor, "Vietnam: Get Out Now," specifically endorsed by the editors. With their huge circulation they must know something about public opinion.

Here's a full-page *Life* editorial (Oct. 24) saying there's "more the President could be doing" to further peace. And so on. Surely all this isn't personal hostility. Surely they, and the television, and the 250,000 marchers are trying to tell him something.

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Contents

7-13 Comment
After the March, "Now Listen to This," Go, The Helsinki Talks, White Agriculture, Rockefeller's New Men, Doddering, Still Sanguine

13 The Old Agnew We Knew – *Gerald W. Johnson*

14 Something for the Silent Majority – *Edwin L. Dale, Jr.*

15 The Nixon Watch: Where Is Pat? – *John Osborne*

17 Rocking the Foundations – *David Sanford*

21 Fall Book Number: Reviews by *Stanley Kauffman, Kenneth Boulding, Charles Thomas Samuels, Selig S. Harrison, Louis Coxe, Adam Yarmolinski, Saul Maloff, Reed Whittemore*

Poems by *Jay Wright, Frank O'Hara, Robert Sanesi, Geoffrey Hartman, Peter Meinke, Scott Bates*

37 Notable: Short reviews

40 Correspondence

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After the March

There need not be another massive march on Washington, not soon. The one of November 15 will stand a while as incontrovertible testimony to the strength of antiwar sentiment. It was unlike anything seen heretofore, unlike the smaller demonstration of October 15, when Moratorium marchers one by one passed the White House and the Treasury Building and stuck their candles on the iron fence railings, so that by night there were banks of them in all colors and shapes, guttering and glowing like a huge baroque memorial altar. This time there was simply the immensity of the crowd, some 250,000 people around the Washington Monument on a cold November afternoon, and perhaps half a million in the city. For all the Vietcong flags and red banners, it was a moderate assembly, representing every section, class and age group – bad news for an Administration that pursues "positive polarization." The best of the orators sensed that speeches were incidental, that the point was bearing witness. Little that was said, or heard, was memorable – except for one short speech by Sp/5 Curtis Stocker, a GI on active duty in Colorado, a veteran of Vietnam and two-and-a-half years in the Army, an editor of *Above Ground*, an antiwar newspaper for servicemen. Because TV and the newspapers did not pick up his statement, and because for all its clumsiness it indicates the newest channel the river of protest is digging, it deserves notice.

"Many GIs who are opposed to the war in Vietnam," Stocker said, "perform their assigned duties in ever-present fear of army stockades and federal prisons. Many GIs, opposed to killing, nevertheless go to Vietnam when ordered, in hopes that they will enter into a situation where they might not have to defend their lives by killing another human being. For when an armed enemy is running at you, GIs, with his weapon spitting bullets, it's too late for a change of heart, it's too late for an inspection of your morals then, it's too late for anything, because one of you is going to die. The time for morality, and the time for protest, the time for a change of heart is the minute you are ordered to the Republic of Vietnam. The individual action taken: you should follow a careful assessment of your conscience. This action should in some way prevent you from being placed in a kill-or-be-killed situation. And if you can't dig that, somebody's going to dig you – a grave. If this sounds radical, please realize that there is

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nothing more radical than death, especially when your bodies are being used to ensure that often sought after, but seldom attained thing, an honorable peace. If President Nixon had 39,000 tons of honor, it could not help the dead across the river in Arlington. . . . They are the silent minority, and they are very silent. . . . Dissent is growing in the military. The GIs are the military. They make up the thing that's fighting this war. It's legal dissent, and it's growing every day. In the last year, the growth has been phenomenal. The Administration . . . cannot stop it, because it's entirely legal: there will be no mutiny, there will be no broken laws. There will be an enforced Constitution and this is going to bring the Administration's war machine to a grinding halt. The only thing we can say, Richard Nixon, if you don't bring the GIs home from Vietnam, they're going to come home all by themselves."

A new antiwar front thus opens up – GIs placing themselves in the line of fire from the Pentagon, the White House and the Attorney General. Who would have believed even a short time ago that there would be 50 "underground" newspapers being written, edited and printed by soldiers who oppose the war? This alone ought to give the Pentagon sober second thoughts about continuing the fight. It is not an isolated phenomenon. On the night of the "Mobe," TV interviewed GIs in Vietnam; what did they think of it all?

The silent majority

About one in two said straightforwardly he'd do the same if he were back home; among those who dissented from this viewpoint, the tone of dissent was remarkably qualified and mild. Right now, there are in this country 23,000 GIs who have deserted the armed forces; a colonel who used to complain about South Vietnamese soldiers deserting there, says, "it's damn embarrassing when our own troops begin doing the same thing." Most of the deserters *aren't* militants, the Pentagon says; the militants stay in "to fight the Army from within." Many who don't stay, desert just before they're due to leave for Vietnam after finishing basic training. Given spreading disaffection, the usual army punishments will soon cease – not to deter, they don't do that now, obviously – but to be applicable. These men aren't mutineers – yet; but what's going on has the taste of impending mutiny. The Moratorium and the Mobilization have wisely kept these servicemen in mind: the funeral processions, the chanted names of dead soldiers, the repeated invocations of the plight of the GI are efforts to break down barriers that once seemed insurmountable.

But beyond raising a cheer for resistance within the armed forces, what can those who came to Washington do in the months ahead? The New Mobilization Committee collected a quarter of a million dollars on November 15, but it has not said how it means to spend it. Perhaps it does not know. One can be sure of one thing: if it yields to the confrontation impulses of some of its members, it may as well join the war boosters. Every stone thrown injures the chance of rapid disengagement. The Administration's present aim is not so much to punish hard-core militants for the sake of suppressing further demonstrations; it is to identify the window-smashers with *all* dissent from Nixon's policies. Nonviolence is a prerequisite, not only because it is right, but because it is the only tactic that will work. Conservatives and moderates are making common cause with radicals on the immediate issue of stopping the war; but they will participate only so long as the movement is peaceable.

We look once more to the Moratorium Committee to lead. Though they were not in charge on November 15, Sam Brown and his crew handled many of the organizational details, providing marshals, beds, first-aid stations, and channels of communication. Their network of dedicated, disciplined young people reaches into every state, every congressional district. The marches are behind them; ahead is a harder task. The Moratorium ought now to mount a national political assault, its objective being nothing less than the election of a Congress in 1970 that reflects the new mood of the country, one pledged to ending the war and to a thoroughgoing renewal of American society. The half million who came to Washington, they and kindred souls who stayed home, can do it; there's manpower and money for *that* campaign. The peace move-

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ment should get off the streets and into politics.

Mr. Nixon cannot barricade himself from the Congress, for it has the power over his purse; that is to say, over the war. A Congress can be elected next year which will refuse any further allocation of money for Vietnam, for any purpose other than getting us out and protecting the troops in the process. By mobilizing their numbers and talents, by canvassing and registering voters, by picking the right candidates in both parties and seeing to it they get sent to the House and Senate, the Moratorium in its new incarnation can contribute not only to peace, but to forming a government that will do the necessary at home when the fighting in Vietnam stops.

"Now Listen to This"

The Vice President is having a merry time, slashing away at the Liberal-Eastern-Communications-Conspiracy, taking out after the TV networks and going on to the Washington Post Company for being too powerful and *The New York Times* for suppressing or subordinating pro-Nixon news. What he really dislikes about the *Post*, of course, is not its power but what it prints about him and his boss – those cutting Herblock cartoons, or such editorial lines as "the gaggle of bureaucratic satrapies that passes in this Administration for a government."

A reading of the network commentary to which Mr. Agnew so violently objected earlier suggests that the Administration is in a state of real paranoia. The comment that followed Mr. Nixon's November 3 Vietnam speech was feeble enough, God knows; "nothing new," the commentators chorused, as if anything was to be expected. The speech did not impress them, but their remarks were not hostile, not biased beyond the bounds of skepticism, however hastily and feebly expressed in most instances. Agnew's indignation is rendered more ridiculous by the overwhelmingly favorable response to the White House in phone calls and telegrams.

The call upon the network news presidents by the chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, Dean Burch, for transcripts was even more blatantly threatening than the fact of it makes evident. The White House already had complete tape recordings of every word spoken on the networks about the President's address – including interviews with Herbert Klein on NBC, CBS and ABC. The Army Signal Corps detail assigned to the White House Communications Branch had it all, in separate reels for each network. Nor did the members of the President's staff have to telephone TV stations, as they did, to check on editorial comment (at least 20 such calls were made the night of November 3, according to a CBS report).

Frank Shakespeare, USIA director and a CBS vice president on-the-way-out when he joined the Nixon promotional staff last year, and surely one of the most limited and least attractive characters in the present establishment, is quoted by Joe McGinnis in his *Selling of the President, 1968*, as telling how much Mr. Nixon resented NBC's treatment of him at the Miami Convention and generally. Shakespeare says: "Now listen to this. Here's what I thought I'd do. I thought I'd go to Walter Scott, the NBC board chairman – this would be in private, of course, just the two of us in his office – and say, 'Here are the instances, here are the instances where we feel you've been guilty of bias in your coverage of Nixon. We are going to monitor every minute of your broadcast news, and if this kind of bias continues, and if we are elected, then you just might find yourselves in Washington next year answering a few questions. And you just might find yourself having a little trouble getting some of your licenses renewed.' . . . I'm not going to do it because I'm afraid of the reaction. The press would band together and clobber us. But Goddamit, I'd love to."

Shakespeare recently denounced the hostile "bias" of all news media, notably TV, in a speech in Detroit to a gathering of radio-TV news directors.

There is a lot that's bad about television, a point repeatedly made by FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, who said the other day that "a handful of men control what the American people see of the world through their television screens." But then he added, "The answer is not to transfer this power from a handful of men in New York to a handful of men in the White House. . . . Surely less discusssion, less controversy, less relevant comment are not the answer." If that is what Mr. Agnew thinks too he must make it much clearer that he isn't really asking only for more favorable treatment of Administration pronouncements.

All this goes back a long way, of course, to the press treatment of Nixon during his congressional days, his Vice Presidency, the 1962 California campaign. But it arises also from and reflects the deep resentment of conservatives of the kind who serve Nixon, that the media as a whole are oriented against them and their views, dominated by what William S. White calls "knee-jerk liberals." Agnew's attacks raise two questions – the legitimate, troubling one of a licensed and limited media's right to constitutional speech protection; and the brutal, blatant demand by the Administration in power for friendlier treatment of its President's policies. The Vice President has spoken time and again of the outrageous effrontery of those who dare question in the streets the policy of "the President of the United States of America." That to him is the central offense, the one that he invites "the great silent majority" to rebuke and punish.

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Go

Japanese checkers are called *go*, and that was the name of the game. Japanese Prime Minister Eisaku Sato came to play President Nixon for Okinawa, the Japanese island and America's nuclear and B-52 bomber base in the Pacific. Mr. Sato needed assurance of getting Okinawa returned to Tokyo's jurisdiction, so he could go home to win an election and thereafter retire with honor in favor of the next Liberal-Democratic prime minister. The game was Sato's from the start. Mr. Nixon felt he couldn't afford to risk a defeat for the Japanese conservative leader at the hands of Japanese socialists and students, for that would also be a defeat for the US-Japan Mutual Security Treaty under which the US has air and naval bases in Japan proper, as well as the Okinawa bases. The violent student demonstrations in Tokyo staged just before Sato's visit to Washington last week were aimed at the security treaty as well as against Sato.

Though this strong evidence of the Japanese leader's need for concessions on Okinawa no doubt helped him win his point, it also raises questions about the future of the American military presence on Okinawa and in Japan. The game really is *go*. The agreement reached over Okinawa probably reflects accurately enough the present uneasy halfway stage in US-Japan relations, between former Occupation and future total withdrawal. The bases, the bombers and the secret nuclear arsenals will remain on Okinawa a while longer, but soon the Japanese will have power to forbid them. A day is coming when a Japanese political leader will have to make a real decision. Why should this country wait for it? If the American military presence is so resented by the Japanese, why hang on to bases either on Okinawa or on the main islands of Japan?

On the eve of the Washington talks, the Japanese Foreign Ministry went out of its way to describe Okinawa as "the greatest American base complex in East Asia," of "unparallelled value as an advance foothold" as was "proved by the Korean and Vietnam wars." The Japanese hope Vietnam will be over by the time they get Okinawa back, but they may regard Korea as coming within the scope of Japan's "self-defense." Their statement omitted any reference to Taiwan, whose nationalist Chinese regime looks to Okinawa as well as to the Seventh Fleet for protection. Chiang Kai-shek and his son have argued strongly against Okinawa's restoration to Japan, for which they are in Tokyo's black book. The Japanese ruling party, moreover, is almost as anxious as the Japanese socialists to placate mainland China. It seems likely therefore that the Japanese are preparing themselves to look after their own defense, and that they will insist on complete removal from Okinawa of nuclear weapons which provoke the mainland Chinese but cannot guarantee security for the crowded Japanese islands. Japan today spends less than one percent of its national output on defense, which is about the same proportion Luxembourg spends, and only a fifth of the Swiss ratio. Japan has 100 million people and is the world's most productive non-Communist economy after the United States. It can afford to pay more for defense, without being suspected of any lust for conquest. If it did, this country's course would become plainer. The nuclear base on Okinawa is not indispensable. It failed to deter the North Korean seizure of the *Pueblo*. Development of the nuclear art has bypassed it. A Polaris submarine is nowadays more useful than an island that is too close to China for China's comfort or Okinawa's own safety. The islanders, numbering close to one million, have long opposed the US bases, though they earn money from them. In the Okinawa elections a year ago, the winning plank was "Yankee, go!" The bases complex as well as the island itself should be taken over by the Japanese government. The 40,000 American military on Okinawa should leave; and so ought the 35,000 American military who are stationed in Japan. Last week's exchange in Washington signified that Japan is once again Pacific power.

The Helsinki Talks

Gerard C. Smith, the head of the arms control agency, who is in Helsinki negotiating with the Russians about nuclear weapons, must feel almost as if he were in a Chicago court. Secretary of State Rogers has urged Smith to speak out and take risks for peace; but Defense Secretary Melvin Laird and the Joint Chiefs of Staff have him gagged like Bobby Seale. Smith isn't authorized to make proposals about either freezing existing weapons or halting installation of new ones. By thus making the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks look like a US fishing expedition, seeking information about Soviet weaponry but offering nothing itself, the Pentagon helps Soviet hawks put down Soviet doves. It has already tried to put down American doves, such as the *Wall Street Journal*, that favor the idea of an American lead-off offer to stop testing new weapons, by saying "Howdya know the Reds won't cheat?" When Secretary Rogers stated that the US had "become somewhat callous" about the risks of "open-ended arms competition," he enraged the brass. Rogers wants to halt both ABMs (anti-ballistic missiles) and MIRVs (Multiple Independently Targetable Reentry Vehicles). The question is: What does the President want? On the face of it, Mr. Nixon's statement to SALT that he seeks not strategic superiority but only "sufficiency" puts him among the doves. In fact, Laird and the Joint Chiefs seem to be in charge of arms

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control, holding the strings and inserting the gags.

The Pentagon is bent on finishing the testing of MIRV, so as to deploy it next summer as a "counter" to a Soviet ABM. It admits, however, that a Soviet ABM will take five more years to build. On that timetable, this country has nothing to lose by at once announcing a MIRV moratorium, as Senator Brooke of Massachusetts has proposed. Such a US move might gain Soviet agreement to give up in tandem with this country both MIRV and ABM. Experts agree these threaten to destroy the strategic balance. If both countries complete MIRV tests next year, the sky becomes the ceiling to the new arms race. The Russians seem anxious for some agreement. Had they not been, they could easily have made their talks with China a handy excuse for delaying SALT again. An agreement would yield the US and USSR two immediate dividends. The cash prize for each is about $20 billion a year they will otherwise be forced to spend on arms they don't need. The bonus is escaping the growing danger that building ever more complex weapons risks their going off by sheer accident.

White Agriculture

When white farmers in Marshall County, Miss., elected William S. Payne to the county Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service committee this fall, they doubled blacks' county-level ASCS representation in the South. Among 4100 county committeemen in the region, Payne and Otis Pinkard of Macon County, Ala., are the only two Negroes to be elected since the committee system was established in 1933.

Some observers of continuing discrimination in the Agriculture Department's programs had expected 1969 to be a year of breakthrough. There had seemed to be growing awareness among black farmers that they must increase their representation on the county ASCS committees, which determine individual farmers' crop allotments. But when the elections of community-level and then county-level committees came around, the Agriculture Department's continuing indifference, white farmers' traditional control, and lack of organization by blacks left the situation very much the same.

Mr. Payne's election, following Mr. Pinkard's last year to a three-year term, means that black representation has risen to slightly more than one-twentieth of one percent on the county committees in a region where Negroes are 13 percent of the farm owners (and 20 percent or higher in Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina and South Carolina). In 256 Southern counties, blacks are more than 50 percent of the rural population.

Crop allotments can be a matter of survival for farmers. There have been charges that county committees have used the allotments in some areas to systematically force Negroes off the land. Whether or not this is true, black farmers' interests simply are not served where they do not have direct representation.

The ASCS is only one of the agencies that make the Agriculture Department, dominated by congressional Southern segregationists, the federal government's worst offender in discriminating against Negroes. Its Extension Service does not have a single Negro serving as the chief county-level extension official in the South; there are almost 840 black extension workers, all of whom deal almost exclusively with blacks. Virtually no Negroes serve on the Soil Conservation Service's district boards of supervision in the South. The only part of the Agriculture Department that now may be given credit for some progress is the Farmers Home Administration, which lends low-interest money. Since 1964 it has required counties with Negro populations of 20 percent or more to have at least one representative on the county FHA committees; even so, blacks still are only seven percent of the FHA committeemen in the region.

The Southern Regional Council, in describing the Agriculture Department as a continuing practitioner of rural discrimination, said in a November report that USDA discrimination "undoubtedly influences the continuing migration of blacks from rural areas." Until the Department of Agriculture moves to end patterns enforced by decades of dominance by Southern white supremacists, it said, "black Southern farmers will be denied equal protection under the law."

Rockefeller's New Men

There are a number of surprises in Governor Rockefeller's report on his Latin American mission, to which David Ross alluded last week ("New Hope for Latin America?"). The greatest surprise is the warm handclasp which Rockefeller offers to military dictators who come to power by illegal means. He finds "a new type of military man . . . young men of ambition and ability from poor families . . . their concern and dedication is to the eradication of poverty and the improvement of the lot of the oppressed . . . a major force for constructive social change in the American republics." "Motivated by increasing impatience with corruption, inefficiency, and a stagnant political order," the governor reports, "the new military man is prepared to adapt his authoritarian tradition to the goals of social and economic progress." Coupled with the recommendation that development loans "be made only to countries which have competent planning organizations and effective governmental administrative agencies," this inter-

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pretation suggests a much more fundamental reappraisal of US policy than was indicated by Mr. Nixon's "preference for democratic procedures," but his readiness to "deal realistically with governments in the inter-American system as they are." It seems fair to infer from Rockefeller's recommendations that a substantial preference may now be shown to efficient military dictatorships committed to coherent development programs, as opposed to similarly committed governments which are at the same time obliged to take account of labor union members, consumers, taxpayers, professors, editors – in short, voters.

Such countries as Chile and Venezuela, which come as close as any in Latin America to being democratic, may feel that they erred in rejecting Nelson Rockefeller is visitation. Might their inhospitality have influenced the governor to swing his support from democracy to the "new" type of military dictatorship? Such countries certainly can take little comfort from his advice on "internal security" – increased US assistance in equipment and training to the armed forces of Latin America, with particular emphasis on forces capable of enforcing discipline on their own people. With such assistance on a sufficient scale, countries which have not yet had their *coups d'état* at the hands of the new military, will not have long to wait.

Many Americans in the thirties were impressed with the efficiency of Hitler, who built the *autobahn*, and Mussolini, who made the trains run on time. Some say the most rapid, large-scale development program in memory was that carried out by Stalin. These are not, of course, the models the governor puts before us. Nevertheless, it is a little early to celebrate the conversion of the Latin American authoritarian tradition to "social and economic progress." Plenty of roads were built by the old breed of Latin dictators; and the new breed has not yet made any trains run on time.

Doddering

"You can't be just a little crooked to get yourself censured by the United States Senate," Robert Yoakum wrote in these pages, "you have to assault congressional sensibilities on a massive scale. Senator Thomas J. Dodd was the first senator in history to be condemned for financial misconduct – and only the seventh to be censured at all." But that was two and a half years ago. Dodd was only knocked down, not out of the Senate on June 23, 1967, by a vote of 92 to five. He may, however, be knocked out next year when he comes up for reelection, if that old political warrior and former boss, John M. Bailey, puts his mind to it. Connecticut Republicans are convinced that if Dodd is their opponent, the Democratic Party will be so fractured, almost any Republican can walk in.

Bailey says privately that he would like to rid his state ticket of this burden in 1970, a year in which Governor John Dempsey, about whom the patronage-hungry politicians really care, is also running. The former chairman of the Democratic National Committee is legendary for his distaste for losers, and the polls show Dodd's popularity sagging. Bailey has controlled the state Democratic Party for 23 years, and the state government for 15. In some ways, success has spoiled him and his game. Now he is challenged not only by the issue-minded "New Politics" crowd, but by several young, ambitious and rather ruthless "regulars" who want no less than Bailey's power. Neverthless, when it comes to lining up convention delegates and winning elections, Bailey and his organization are still potent.

Doddering as he is, Dodd is not going to be toppled by a nudge. To many of Mr. Nixon's silent majority in Connecticut, he is a hero. But in addition to being silent, this "majority" is also hard-working and penny-pinching, and their senator fed very well from the public trough. Dodd is doing his best to make them forget that; only ill health or a Justice Department indictment for income tax violations can stop him from running. So long as he continues to support Mr. Nixon, as he has on the ABM and Judge Haynsworth, however, that widely rumored indictment should stay locked in the Attorney General's desk.

The first of the Democrats to declare against Dodd is also the most interesting – Joseph Duffey, leader of the Connecticut McCarthy forces in 1968, head of the reform Caucus of Connecticut Democrats, and now national chairman of the ADA. Duffey is a young, bespectacled Protestant clergyman from Hartford, who has become adept at politics, though he keeps the pleasing look of an idealistic amateur wandering through a hard world. He will have antiwar money from around the country, and the help of superstars like Paul Newman. His candidacy ought to commend itself to Senator Ribicoff, who showed his independence at the Democratic National Convention last year, and who has a sharp eye for the up and coming.

Another possible contender is Edward Marcus, a 44-year-old attorney from New Haven and the majority leader of the State Senate. A Yale graduate, Marcus is tall, blond, handsome and, superficially, straight out of the Kennedy mold. But after supporting Johnson and Humphrey in 1968, Marcus went on during the 1969 legislative session to offend Connecticut's manufacturers by proposing a payroll tax to be paid by employers, and then to offend influential labor, liberal and black communities by fiercely opposing a state income tax. He is, however, a good campaigner with a large personal fortune to spend.

Secretary of State Ellas Grasso, Congressman Emilio Daddario of Hartford, and Mayor Dick Lee of New

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Haven, a triumvirate of liberal regulars, are also mentioned. Not more than one of these is likely to become a serious candidate. Any one of them would do serious damage to both Duffey and Marcus. Daddario has been an intelligent but unexciting congressman whose major interests are in national science and space policy. His voting record on civil rights is good. On the ABM appropriations vote in the House, Daddario mysteriously absented himself. Mrs. Grasso, a middle-aged Mount Holyoke graduate, has long been Bailey's link to the state's liberal community. She is willing to fight the power-brokers; she did so in Chicago last year over the minority plank on Vietnam. Dick Lee will soon be without a job, having retired after 16 pioneering years as mayor of New Haven during which he became first among a new breed of suburban mayors. Lee is as comfortable with the old-line party workers as he is with the liberal intellectuals. He is a loyal Kennedy man, the only prominent member of the Connecticut Democratic Party to stand publicly with Robert Kennedy before the assassination.

Still Sanguine

Project *Sanguine* is the Navy's code name for the $1.5 billion scheme to develop a huge, underground transmitter complex covering the northern third of Wisconsin. Its purpose is to enable the Pentagon to keep contact with Polaris submarines prowling the ocean depths, even in a nuclear war with all other communications out. *Sanguine* is now in a small-scale, preliminary field test stage; it was brought to national attention by *The New Republic* earlier this year ("Wiring Wisconsin," by Andrew Hamilton, March 22). Conservation groups then charged that voltages in the miles-long underground cables might destroy earthworms (vital to the soil), electrify farm fences and cause other surface damage, and create electric fields to disrupt bird migrations. The extensive ditching that would be necessary could erode the land and silt up the rivers and Lake Superior. Hazelton Laboratories of Falls Church, Va., began a Navy-sponsored study of possible biological and environmental effects, but Senator Gaylord Nelson (D, Wis.) was not satisfied and asked for an independent scientific review.

Last month, it looked as if *Sanguine* had been torpedoed. Perhaps it has; it depends on one's reading of the Navy's recent announcement that it will continue research and development to devise "much smaller, lower-power transmitters." During the next six to 12 months, several new transmitter designs will be tested, some in Wisconsin, some elsewhere. The Navy is determined, however, to build an Extremely Low Frequency broadcasting system to communicate the "attack" code to Polaris missile submarines in the event of a nuclear war. While checking out new designs, it intends to go ahead with the next stage of Project *Sanguine*. "As far as I know there's been no change" in plans for a second-stage test in Wisconsin using buried wires, a Navy spokesman said last week.

The Old Agnew We Knew

Baltimore

Persons who became familiar with the Vice President's syntax while he was a county executive, and then as the surprise Governor of Maryland, and who read his November 13 assault on the television news analysts, are convinced that Mr. Agnew has a new and better speech-writer. Never did such crisp and lucid English issue from the Towson courthouse, or from the Annapolis statehouse, during his tenure of those offices.

But while the style of the speech was astonishingly improved, the content was entirely familiar. This is the same Spiro T. Agnew who, as county executive, preferred to allow the festering Negro slums of Towson to continue to fester rather than clean them up with rules – and money – supplied by the creeping socialists in Washington. This is the man who, as governor, slammed 200-odd Bowie College students into jail because they had the impudence to insist on presenting him, personally, a list of grievances including such items as roaches in their food, leaky plumbing in their bathrooms, and plaster falling from the ceiling of their classrooms. Only ten days ago were legal proceedings finally dropped against the last of these students, from whom professional bail-bondsmen must have reaped a small fortune.

At the time, of course, every Ku Kluxer in the state rubbed his hands gleefully, saying, "Who would have thought it? Spiro is better than George Mahoney at keeping the nigger in his place." But the Ku Kluxers were wrong. Agnew is not a professional Negro-hater. He really believed the statement he issued at the time, intimating that the alleged grievances of the students were merely a cover-up to conceal a Communist-inspired, if not Communist-led conspiracy to overthrow the government of the State of Maryland.

Because it is an established fact that Agnew can read, some observers have jumped to the conclusion that he must be an arrant hypocrite. They are wrong. His speeches may have been written by some other hand, but they express his sincere belief. He is a relict of

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early nineteenth-century federalism, not of the John Adams type, but of the Timothy Pickering-Hartford Convention type. As Pickering was able to believe that John Adams was a dupe of France, so Spiro Agnew can believe, probably in all honesty, that Senators Javits and Goodell are dupes of Red Russia, and he may cherish some suspicion of Nelson Rockefeller.

This type of mind is chronically suspicious of anything smacking of scholarship because true scholarship is based on the free play of ideas. The mind imbued with moral certainty cannot conceive – not will not, but cannot – that the inherent danger of freedom of thought and speech is far less than the danger of gag rule. To the Agnew type it is simply not so. Thus he claims to be for law and order, never dreaming that there can be any other than his law and his order. From this it is an easy transition to believing that any opponent of his law and his order is necessarily an anarchist, if not a disguised Communist.

For the very reason that he believes his own bunk Agnew is much more dangerous to freedom of speech than the cynical Joe McCarthy was. It is the transparent sincerity of Agnew that impresses the simple-minded. Nixon, a far more sophisticated type, is certainly aware of this, and probably correct in believing that Agnew can swing the George Wallace vote to the Republican ticket. But it is not so certain that the George Wallace vote is worth the price that has to be paid for it. Is slapping the face of every news analyst on three networks really good politics? Even if they are as guilty of bias as Agnew charged – which is far from proved – and leaving aside all ethical considerations, was it smart to inspire such men with personal resentment against the Administration? If we are to believe the Vice President, the gravamen of their offense was not in what they said but in the quirk of an eyebrow, a skeptical tone of voice, or a derisory gesture.

If they are all that powerful without actually saying anything against the Administration, will the Vice President's effort to get them kicked out of their jobs turn them into sycophantic admirers of the Administration? All of them have built up a certain public following, so if the networks fire them at the behest of Mr. Agnew, there will be a backfire of uncertain proportions against the networks. Thus the Vice President has contrived to put the responsible heads of the networks on the spot, as much as the analysts. They will not appreciate it.

But any attempts to portray the Vice President as either an Ananias or a Uriah Heep would be folly, for he is neither a liar nor a hypocrite. Yet it is possible that, not morally, but politically, he may be worse. One recalls the comment of an old Republican wheelhorse – was it Jim Watson of Indiana? – after the nomination of Harding for the Presidency. The wheelhorse was trying to justify the nomination; there was nothing wrong with the nominee, he said, except that "Warren lacks mentality."

Gerald W. Johnson

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Something for the Silent Majority

When every other week brings a new proposal from an insurance company, when mutual fund salesmen knock on the door, when brokers talk about "planning your future," the best financial deal in town has no advertising at all.

It is not, to be sure, a deal for the poor, though it will in no way harm them. It is a deal for, you might say, "the silent majority" – those with incomes of $8000 and more, and rising. They are certainly silent about it. President Nixon favors the deal, though only part way. So does such a liberal as Wilber Cohen, the former secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. Representative Wilbur Mills is almost certainly sympathetic. And yet the deal – which rests before Congress for action – has some opposition; from insurance companies, for example.

Here is the deal: You pay $60 a *year* extra now to the government. You get at least $20 a *month* more after you retire, for as long as you live. This is the most modest version, proposed by the Administration.

There is no catch. It is a government proposition. It has to do with our old friend, social security – which, to the nearly total ignorance of the relatively affluent majority in this society, is, in fact, the best financial bet in town. What is proposed (as part of a fantastically complicated social security-cum-medicare-cum-

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medicaid-cum-welfare reform bill) is an increase in the social security "wage base" from $7800 to $9000 (Nixon) or possibly more. If economic motives still stir people, everyone with an income of more than $9000 should be organizing committees to press for an increase to, say, $12,000.

But they should not ask brokers or insurance salesmen to join the committees. The deal is so good that it is in the interest of retirement planners to play it down. Their plans are not wrong or evil, just extremely expensive by comparison.

One of the stunning things about the American social security system is that it is somehow associated with the "poor," or at least the "lower class." True, we all know we pay social security taxes, and we all know we will get some kind of benefit when we retire. But for the middle classes, and above, there has been a widespread assumption that social security benefits are bound to be so small as to be almost derisory.

The assumption is not foolish, based on the current level of benefits received by real live people we all know. But this need not – and probably will not – always be the case.

How would $400 a month look, in addition to whatever other retirement income one had managed to achieve? Or $500? Or $600?

There is only one way – and this is the point so little understood – to make social security meaningful to the emerging majority of reasonably well-off Americans. That is to raise the wage base. For it is "covered wages" while working (not total wages) that determine the monthly retirement benefit. The benefit can and will be meaningful if the wage base is raised.

That is just a starter. Social security – and this gives the shudders to every seller of retirement plans – has a built-in periodic increase of benefits that have not been earned at all. This is because our society has chosen, quite rightly, to make what amounts to a "cost-of-living" adjustment (at least) to the benefits of those already retired, every two or three years, by act of Congress. President Nixon has now proposed that this principle be written into law; but whether it is or not, social security is the only contractual retirement plan that has a practical, even if not yet legal, built-in increase to match inflation.

These increases, correctly, are in percentages. But a 10 percent increase on a $100 benefit is only $10. If the benefit is $400 (which none now is because the wage base is not high enough) the increase is $40. It is entirely possible to envisage a benefit of $500-600 a month on retirement for a good-earning man now aged 40 – and one that will adjust upward after he retires. The upward adjustment will be paid for, in practice, by those who are still working and whose wages are rising. That is already the case with the periodic benefit increases we now have.

But once again, this marvelous financial opportunity – assuming that one cares about one's income in the retirement years – is possible only if the wage base is raised. The Administration proposal would move the base, as noted, to $9000, and then would escalate it thereafter with the rise in the general wage level, just as benefits would automatically be tied to the cost of living. This is already a major improvement – and the life insurance industry has cautioned against it. But if the automatic wage base increase principle is to be adopted, why not start the base from a higher level?

It does no harm to the poor. It is not inflationary, except in the form of a very modest increase in employers' costs in paying their share for the now-small portion of their staff that earns more than $9000. It is "unjust" – if that is the word – only to the man who would rather spend $60 this year than have an additional $240 a year on retirement; social security, it is proper to point out, is compulsory.

This matter of the wage base is now a real, live, active proposition. It may be settled for good before many months are out, certainly if the Nixon-proposed escalation proposal is adopted. One is tempted to cry: "$12,000-a-year men unite!" Or alternatively, the silent majority might raise its voice.

Edwin L. Dale, Jr.

The Nixon Watch

Where Is Pat?

In a commencement address at the University of Rochester in 1966, Richard Nixon said: "Woodrow Wilson's distinction between men of thought and men of action can no longer be made. The man of thought who will not act is ineffective; the man of action who will not think is dangerous." William Safire, then as now a Nixon speech writer, recalls that he and Mr. Nixon sweated for hours over that passage. It seemed to Safire that Nixon was insistent that the chosen language say exactly what he meant because it expressed something very important to him in his estimation of himself. The President considers himself to be a man of thought *and* action, and he wants and needs to have around him, at his instant call and total disposal, other men to whom he attributes the dual quality that he perceives and values in himself.

Mr. Nixon evidently believes that he has two such men in the persons of Daniel P. Moynihan and Bryce N. Harlow, former White House assistants who have been retitled "Counsellors to the President" and given Cabinet rank. When the President announced and explained this and other steps in a reorganization of the

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White House staff to his assembled Cabinet the other day, he said that Moynihan and Harlow were to be "ministers without portfolio," in the British style. They were present and, although they profess to have no qualms about their new status and duties, I suspect that they cringed just a little, inwardly, when the President spoke in that way of his new Counsellors. Harlow's experience in government dates back to 1938, Moynihan's to the Kennedy Administration, and they must know that "ministers without portfolio" are likely to find themselves in the unhappy position of corporate vice presidents on detached duty, favored with everything except the authority to accomplish whatever they are supposed to get done. Any suggestion to this effect at the White House brings the response that it indicates a basic misunderstanding of the Nixon establishment and of the President who heads it. Maybe so, but both Harlow and Moynihan have a lively awareness of the perils that could await them as Mr. Nixon's in-house philosophers unless they retain some areas of specific authority.

The announcement of the staff reorganization said that Harlow, who has been the Assistant for Congressional Relations, "will continue policy guidance of congressional relations," and Harlow says for himself that "I am to maintain policy oversight in this area." Moynihan, hitherto the Assistant for Urban Affairs and executive secretary of the Urban Affairs Council, is to "continue his policy guidance in urban problems." A new Assistant for Congressional Relations and an Urban Council executive secretary (but not another Assistant for Urban Affairs) are to be appointed. They are to be pitied, whoever they turn out to be, they are certain to be overshadowed as well as unseen by their predecessors. Harlow in his field of legislative expertise and Moynihan in the whole sweep of social concerns, will continue to be either the President's top men or nobodies, and neither is the nobody type.

Pat Moynihan is a certified liberal Democrat, the only figure at anywhere near the Nixon peaks who qualifies for that description. He is a thinker, an innovator, a strong advocate of his own views, a witty and passionate man who knows how to please the President with his humor and, one must judge from the favor recently shown him, also knows how to keep his passion within the bounds that Mr. Nixon is prepared to tolerate. A good many of his White House associates and perhaps Moynihan himself regret the imminent departure from the President's staff of the first and until recently the only Counsellor to the President, Arthur Burns, a conservative economist who is leaving to be chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. A pronounced tension, personal and philosophical, quickly developed between Burns and Moynihan, and in the opinion of others who worked with them it contributed materially to the range and worth of the policy choices that are presented to the President.

Bryce Harlow, Moynihan's fellow Counsellor, is also a deeply conservative man, but not a philosophical conservative in the sense that Arthur Burns is. Harlow's conservatism – and this is said with respect – is that of a political technician, valued by the President for (among other talents) his skill at spotting what he calls "the land-mines" that may be buried in some otherwise laudable policy proposal or program. His largest or anyhow his most obvious service to Nixon, as it was in times past to Dwight Eisenhower, has been to forewarn the President of possible dangers, of likely and avoidable opposition, and to tailor both the expressions and the content of policy in ways calculated to avert or minimize the opposition. Considering the extent of unexpected congressional opposition that Nixon has encountered in matters ranging from his ABM system to the Haynsworth nomination, Harlow's reputation in this respect seems to some people to have been substantially impaired. But it obviously has not been impaired at the White House and with the President, and Harlow's associates generally expect him to be more of a cautionary than a creative Counsellor. They also expect him to provide a certain counterpoint to the more adventurous Moynihan. It happens that Harlow stands 5 feet 4 inches, Moynihan 6 feet 5 inches, a circumstance that led a junior Nixon assistant to remark that in any confrontation they will face each other "eyeball to knee-cap."

Moynihan has said that he was freed from detailed responsibilities so that he could be available to Nixon "for counselling of one kind and another on a fairly wide range of subjects." Harlow has said that his and Moynihan's concerns as Counsellors may stretch "from here to infinity, in an expanding universe," and he has included in his own range of possible advice the problems of Vietnam, world peace, inflation, law and order, and governmental reform. A simpler statement of their point is that Nixon likes to chew the fat with both of them, on any subject that may come up, and that his first purpose in granting them their new status and freedom is to have them at hand for that exercise whenever he finds time for it. Never mind that Moynihan lately has spent a lot of his time on the road, defending the Administration's social policies and vision and promising bold advances to come, and that he is going off to Europe in December to encourage joint NATO efforts toward social betterment. I am assured that what Nixon wants from Moynihan is Moynihan, talking in person. "Are we tracking with Pat?" Nixon asked an assistant after the staff changes were announced. "Where is he? I want to see him." The President did, soon afterward, in private and in group meetings, for seven hours straight.

White House skeptics ask each other, "Where is Pat?" in a tone of suspicion that Moynihan is on or headed toward a splendidly upholstered shelf. A staff

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of young and innovative Republicans that he built for the Urban Affairs Council has been dismantled and most of its members have been or soon will be reassigned to John Ehrlichman, the recently designated Assistant for Domestic Affairs. Moynihan has permission to recruit "a couple of youngsters" for a reduced staff of his own, but for major assistance he must look hereafter to the expanded Ehrlichman staff. None of this seems to bother him, and perhaps it shouldn't, but it bothers some of those among his White House associates who consider that anything that appears to diminish Moynihan diminishes the Administration.

A question not discussed at the White House, unless an outsider brings it up, is whether Pat Moynihan can continue to be comfortable with the Nixon who lets Vice President Spiro T. Agnew speak for him and the Administration in the current Agnew way. Agnew's call to the mob – and that is what it is – for support of the President in Vietnam and, by extension, in domestic matters as well should discomfit Moynihan and at least a few others at the Nixon White House. There is, at this writing, no indication that it does, except in the most minor fashion. Moynihan said on November 17 that the Agnew line does not disturb him. He expects to be around as long as he finds himself free to speak his mind to the President as he has been up to now, and free also to speak for the Administration in his own field of social equity. That is where Pat is. I am not as confident as Moynihan professes to be, that he will be there indefinitely.

John Osborne

A Tax Reform That Clubs Reform

Rocking the Foundations

by David Sanford

The House has passed and the Senate is now considering a tax bill, more than one-fourth of which is devoted to hamstringing the private foundations – restricting the kinds of grants they can make, taxing their income, and limiting their lifespan – all in the name of reform. The tax and the limiting of a foundation's life to 40 years (a new provision in the Senate bill) concern primarily the large foundations which wish not to be legislated out of existence and which see in a 7.5 percent, or any, tax on investment income a diminution of resources otherwise available to philanthropy. But the most destructive provisions of the bill – those of most concern to the small, innovative foundations – are those forbidding foundations to subsidize controversial projects. Both Senate and House would prohibit lobbying, electioneering, and define narrowly who will be eligible to receive grants. The intent, unstated, is to keep foundations and their grantees out of projects that in the end might come back to haunt Congress in the form of proposed legislation or criticism.

Foundations have come in for plenty of legitimate criticism of specific and occasional abuse of their privileged tax status – politically partisan and nepotistic grants, attempts to influence legislation by prompting letter writing campaigns and such. But present laws, if enforced, would be adequate to deal with these infractions. The new legislation does not go beyond current law in effectively controlling the real abuses. What it does is threaten an end to all but innocuous or noncontroversial giving – grants to Boy Scouts or cancer research.

Of 22,000 foundations in the United States only 20 or so regularly bankroll the kind of activities Congress is after. For them the bill would be killing. The New World Foundation, the Carnegie Corporation and the Aaron E. Norman Fund, for example, have all given money to Ralph Nader, some of it through Harvard to provide small stipends to the students who work in Washington each summer as Nader's raiders, and to Nader's Center for the Study of Responsive Law. Nader, of course, does try to influence Congress in a variety of ways. The Nader Report on the Federal

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Trade Commission, written by three of the students, was so critical of the FTC that it occasioned a Senate hearing at which Paul Rand Dixon, the FTC chairman, was called upon to defend himself and his agency's record. President Nixon asked the American Bar Association to study the FTC, largely as a result of the Nader Report. The Bar's conclusions were similar to Nader's. Under the proposed tax bill, a grant to Nader would entail grave risk, since a foundation would have legal responsibility for the use ultimately made of its money. The grant would smack of lobbying. To protect the foundation from paying a 100 percent penalty tax, and to protect the foundation executive who made the grant from paying a 50 percent penalty out of his own pocket, Nader might have to swear off trying to influence public policy.

The National Council on Hunger and Nutrition is a nonprofit, tax exempt outfit operating out of Washington with a staff of nine, a $100,000 annual budget, and a loud voice. John Kramer, a 32-year-old lawyer, former Fulbright scholar and counsel to a number of radical clients (*The Washington Free Press, Hard Times*, Federal Employees against the War in Vietnam) orchestrates the activities of field workers, primarily women with community organizing experience, who go about the country helping poor people get the most from federal food stamps and school lunch programs. "At the moment," Kramer says, "we're mainly on a school lunch kick to get groups to confront their school boards and suggest efficiencies in the program and undertake nonlegislative but nevertheless political action – through publicity or demonstrations – to make sure they get properly fed." Kramer testifies before congressional committees (on invitation) and publishes position papers on federal food programs. Congress is proud of its school lunch program, sponsors each year a national school lunch week, but, Kramer continually reminds it, three out of every five school children are excluded from the program.

The Council on Hunger last year received grants totaling $128,500 from 11 organizations, including the Ford Foundation, Field, Irwin-Sweeney-Miller and the Aaron Norman Fund. Such grants would almost certainly be unavailable under "tax reform."

Kramer insists that his activities are not "lobbying," as defined by the Internal Revenue Service. "The only 'lobbying' we've done is testifying at the request of members of the Congress. We've never gone up on our own. But every time I've testified I say rather tough things. They get furious." How furious is illustrated by a letter Kramer received November 5 on White House stationery from Jean Mayer, Consultant to the President: "If you continue your indiscriminate and irresponsible attacks on anyone associated with the legislative or executive branch there is a very distinct possibility that you will manage to make the Council lose its tax deductible status. Following your insulting testimony the other day, two Committees of the Congress are now discussing this possibility."

Now, there's an element of biting the hand that feeds you, when tax free foundations bankroll research that leads to criticism of the taxing authority. But our system of government is invigorated by this kind of private oversight. Congress and the Administration nevertheless get the feeling that they are somehow complicit in attacks upon themselves. Such is the case in a six-month study of the administering of Title I of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act, released this month by the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund and the Washington Research Project of the Southern Center for Studies in Public Policy. The report, financed in part by foundations, charged that much of the $4.3 billion appropriated by Congress for assistance to school systems with large concentrations of poor children, had been misspent. Project Director Marian Edelman says that, "what we want to do is discover how federal programs are operating as regards the poor and minorities. We are trying to police school desegregation plans and see that HEW follows the law. We apply pressure on them whenever they're violating the law." This sense of mission has led the Washington Research Project into studies of hunger, welfare, federal contract compliance, health programs and a certain amount of litigation. Nearly all of this work is done with foundation money, principally from the Field Foundation ($250,000) and the Carnegie Corporation ($167,000). Smaller amounts have come from the Norman Fund, New World, and Irwin-Sweeney-Miller. A tax reform bill that prohibits grants to any group that influences government, Mrs. Edelman says, "would put us completely out of business. Clearly what we're doing is affecting public policy."

James Boyd, who will be remembered as the man who undid Senator Tom Dodd, is now the head of the new Fund for Investigative Journalism. With a $50,000 grant from the Stern Family Fund and $10,000 from Aaron E. Norman, it gives financial assistance to investigative reporters for travel and research to do the kinds of studies they couldn't do for the fees magazines and newspapers normally pay. Boyd, for instance, gave a grant to Ronnie Dugger to write a long piece for the *Atlantic* on the politics of oil (depletion allowances, import quotas, and such), another to Berkeley Rice for an article on "The Cold-War College Think Tanks" for the *Washington Monthly*, and for a second piece on alleged conflicts of interest involving retired military officers ("Generals for Hire," *Look*). Boyd gave $2000 to *The New Community Press* to finance an issue on the breakdown of federal school lunch programs, a grant to Andrew Kopkind for a critical analysis of the Kerner Commission report, and one to Seymour Hersh to go to Fort Benning, Georgia, to research the piece he broke this month on the alleged murder of several hundred

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Vietnamese civilians. Boyd has applied to IRS for a tax exemption; in the meantime he is acting as an arm of the Stern Family Fund. He is worried about the tax bill but doubts that investigative reporting would reasonably be tagged lobbying.

The Potomac Institute in Washington is a nonprofit organization set up in 1961 to assist in civil rights work. Its support comes principally from the Taconic Foundation in New York. The Potomac Institute had a part in conceiving the Southern Regional Council's voter education project, which has, over the last few years, been instrumental in getting 1.4 million Southern Negroes on the rolls of eligible voters. The Institute is working with Mayor Richard Hatcher in Gary, Indiana on programs for poor blacks. Because it receives foundation money, the Institute would be affected by the program limitations Congress is contemplating. Lobbying, propagandizing, and electioneering are activities which Potomac Institute's president, Harold Fleming, says the Institute has never gone in for. But he is not at all sure that what the foundation does would not fall under *someone's* definition of improperly influencing legislation or legislators. The Institute frequently consults with government agencies that request its advice. It lists more than 20 federal agencies with which it has cooperated. The Institute helped set up the Community Relations Service and the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, agencies created by the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Describing these activities Fleming says, "We've done very little that could be considered lobbying the Executive branch. In my judgment, it is usually inappropriate to play the role of fiery advocate. Our consultation and technical assistance have for the most part been done at no cost to the government. They are *pro bono* services, rendered on request of agencies and officials." "But," asks Fleming, "at what point does advice become lobbying? There's a stupid provision in the tax bill that you can't initiate communication with decision makers. You may have to walk around with a battery of lawyers to know whether you can go to the bathroom over in the Executive Office Building."

The Potomac Institute also has an "information" service; it maintains a library available to reporters, businessmen, educators, civil rights groups, and others. According to a brochure describing these facilities, "information is supplied frequently to the executive and legislative branches of government as they formulate policies and programs." Is this lobbying? Fleming isn't sure. "You can't control the use people make of our information." If it is used to influence Congress, "Are we then responsible for lobbying?"

The Institute holds "conferences." "If, before the Civil Rights Act of '64, we discussed anything that related to fair employment, public accommodations, discriminatory use of public funds, was that lobbying? We put out a pamphlet about fair employment being good business. Were we then guilty indirectly of influencing civil rights legislation? I don't think so," Fleming says, but he wonders whether Congress does.

One of the more compelling arguments the foundations have made against the proposed bill is that it is punitive and redundant. The present tax code, for example, already requires that for an exempt organization to keep its tax status, it must not devote a "substantial part" of its activities to propagandizing or otherwise attempting to influence legislation; it must not participate in political campaigns in behalf of candidates. Substantiality however has always been difficult to establish, so the House would erase the word and simply forbid lobbying altogether. It's an easy solution to the problem of definition, but it creates other problems. A grant to a professor studying welfare programs, for instance, would be risky, since his work could at some point come to the attention of a senator and influence his stand on a welfare bill. Unless lobbying is defined specifically and narrowly, foundations will fear sponsoring anything significant.

According to the Ways and Means Committee report, "lobbying" applies to "grassroot campaigns or other attempts to urge or encourage the public to contact members of a legislative body for the purpose of proposing, supporting, or opposing legislation." The House bill would ban "direct attempts" to persuade legislators and government employees to take "particular positions" on "specific legislative issues." However, discussions of "broad policy problems and issues" would not be restricted; nor would making publicly available "the results of nonpartisan analysis or research." The Senate bill, as summarized by the Finance Committee October 27, would ban "both grassroots lobbying and the buttonholing of government officials," but would allow "examination of broad problems that the government would ultimately be expected to deal with," or "offering advice and technical assistance in response to written governmental requests."

The electioneering issue is complicated. The Ways and Means report contends that foundation funds have been used to favor candidates, through sponsorship of voter registration campaigns in limited geographical areas (e.g. registering Cleveland Negroes when Carl Stokes was running for mayor), or by giving grants to organizations which in turn use them to promote candidates. Foundation grants under the House scheme could finance voter registration programs, if they cover at least five-state areas, and if they are not partisan. No more than a quarter of the support for a registration project could come from a single foundation source (a difficult condition to meet since it is often hard to interest one donor let alone five). The language of the House bill is designed specifically to exempt from the prohibition, the Southern Regional Council Voter Education Project.

The Senate Finance Committee on October 27 took a

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different line; it would forbid completely foundation support for voter registration.

Since 1962 the number of black registered voters in the eleven Southern states has more than doubled, going from 1.48 million to 3.11 million. Blacks in these states comprised less than 11 percent of all registered voters in 1962. By 1968 the percentage had risen to 16.5. In 1965 the South had 78 black elected officials; in 1969 there are 473. This impressive increase is largely the result of the Voter Education Project (VEP) of the Southern Regional Council, begun in 1962 with grants from private foundations. VEP has done research into the causes of nonparticipation of Negroes and has funded voter registration drives – not get-out-the-vote campaigns to register for a specific election or in support of a particular candidate. Prior to the Voting Rights Act of 1965, VEP registered 700,000 black voters. With the suspension of literacy testing in six states and the enactment of Voting Rights, VEP undertook a second project, which has registered an additional 700,000. The project, approved by the Internal Revenue Service, has been scrupulously controlled by the Southern Regional Council to prevent partisan activity of any kind; no irregularities of a partisan kind have ever been found.

The support for VEP has come from individual contributions and from private foundations. Aaron Norman, Abelard, Field, Ford, Irwin-Sweeney-Miller, Mary Reynolds Babcock, New World, New York, Rockefeller Brothers, Robert E. Moton Memorial and Taconic have each given more than $2500. Total contributions amount to more than $1 million.

More than a million Southern Negroes have become registered voters as a result of foundation supported voter registration. To shut down VEP now not only jeopardizes the future of black political participation in this country but conveys to blacks the ugly message that they can't make it in the system.

The list of foundation programs that may be jeopardized by tax "reform" is long. David Hunter, the executive director of the Stern Family Fund cites a score of grants that "probably would be inhibited or prohibited by . . . the legislation. I say 'probably,' because the language is not always clear . . ." Stern, for instance, has given $10,000 to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences to assess federal poverty programs; $5000 to California's Institute for Local Self Government to study the responsiveness of state and local government to citizens' grievances; $4000 to the League for Industrial Democracy to study the distribution of wealth in the US. The proscription of lobbying might well scare Stern off further support of such projects. Stern gave $10,000 to Business Executives Move for a Vietnam Peace for "educational activities"; $5000 to the Center for Law and Social Policy, to fund litigation in behalf of unrepresented groups. The Aaron Norman Fund has given money to the American Veterans Committee to study the rights of men in uniform, to the NAACP to study Negro participation in the construction industry. The Field Foundation supports VEP and a variety of other endeavors seeking social change.

Foundation officials are studying carefully the multitude of conditions and restrictions, inclusions, exclusions, qualifications, without coming to any conclusion as to what, exactly, the legislation would mean to their work. Those executives with whom I have spoken agree that the bill is excessive and malicious, that it does not comprehend the contributions foundations have made to American life, to augmenting federal programs and providing inspiration to programs ultimately embraced by government (Head Start is a good example of one). The emphasis is punitive. It works to stifle all foundations, when what was really bothering Congress was an ill-advised Ford Foundation grant to some members of the late Robert Kennedy's staff, and a few other petty and isolated misuses of foundation largesse.

Many foundations – notably the Carnegie Corporation, the Rockefeller Foundation, Russell Sage, and Guggenheim – were founded before federal income taxation was on the books and before there were any loopholes to save anyone from inheritance or corporate income tax. The tax laws subsequently written were designed to channel more wealth into philanthropy. If the work of the foundations in the main is thought worthwhile – if there is a place for the nonprofit private sector – then it serves no good purpose to risk their demise merely to get at occasional dereliction, for which currently unenforced laws are adequate to deal.

The larger, wealthier, more prominent foundations have until recently not been known for venturesome interest in financing social change. Some few however have tried to strengthen what is hopeful in American society, have tried to encourage beneficial change. The tax reform bill as it is now cast would stop them. J. Irwin Miller, Chairman of the Board of the Cummins Engine Company and the president of its foundation, stated the case for private philanthropy about as well as it can be made in his testimony last October before the Finance Committee. Quoting a statement on foundations once made in support of the foundation principle by the Treasury Department, he said: "Beyond providing for areas into which government cannot or should not advance, private philanthropic organizations can be uniquely qualified to initiate thought and action, experiment with new and untried ventures, dissent from prevailing attitudes, and act quickly and flexibly. . . . They can, hence, constitute a powerful instrument for evolution, growth, and improvement in the shape and direction of charity."

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FALL BOOK NUMBER

Stanley Kauffmann: O'Connor Seen by Himself and Others

My Father's Son
by Frank O'Connor

(Knopf; $6.95)

Michael/Frank: Studies on Frank O'Connor
Edited by Maurice Sheehy

(Knopf; $6.95)

My Father's Son is Frank O'Connor's second volume of autobiography; *Michael/Frank* contains a number of his friends' reminiscences of him. Prompted by both books, perhaps I'll be forgiven for adding my own reminiscences, since I was the editor of Frank's first volume of autobiography, *An Only Child*. I knew him only for a short time, in 1960, I saw him perhaps a dozen times in all, but he was a man of such flavor that it is hard to imagine knowing him slightly. And my brief experience with him includes a few things that are relevant, I think, to the account of him as writer and man.

I worked at Knopf then, and after a brief meeting with Frank in the office, I was asked to be his editor. I read the manuscript of that first autobiographical volume, making notes as I went. When I finished, I was horrified to find that my notes had become six single-spaced typed pages. I now had to go out to Brooklyn Heights (where Frank was then living), to this author whom some had mentioned as worthy of the Nobel prize and, instead of handing him that prize, had to give him my six pages of suggested alterations. I thought he would probably throw me out. So I tactically selected the five most important notes, put them on a separate sheet, and when we sat down together, I brought them up as gently as I could. He accepted each suggestion instantly. After the fifth point, he said, "Is that all? Come on, man, you've got to give me more than that. This book has got to be a classic."

I pulled out the other sheets, he rubbed his hands and, without exception, gobbled up all the other suggestions – most of which, I emphasize, were tiny matters. I should add that all this work took place after the editing of the manuscript for its *New Yorker* serialization, as described by William Maxwell in his contribution to *Michael/Frank*. At another meeting, I suggested to Frank that a passage of seven or eight pages, good in itself, was an excursion out of the book and might be deleted to the book's advantage. He seized a pencil and crossed out the pages. "Fine!" he said. "I love to cut. I'll make a story out of it and sell it to the *New Yorker*." (Though I can't find that he did.)

A handsome, white-haired, almost rectangular head; a smile that, under his moustache, looked a little like Chaplin's; a voice that was really unfair to other men, so rich that he made others sound shrill when they piped up. An instinct for locality: he and his young wife and small child were in that apartment in the Heights, overlooking the bay, and Frank had become an enthusiast for the neighborhood; he recommended the museum down the street, and I learned subsequently that he had been in there often, boning up on Brooklyn and Long Island history. Not a big drinker, as far as I know,

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but a greeter of occasions with drink. The first time I walked in the door, I had a dollop of Irish whiskey inside me almost before I had finished shaking hands. When I suggested a title for his book (we were both dissatisfied with the one that he had first proposed), he clapped his hands once in approval, then moved those hands toward the bottle. "*An Only Child,*" he boomed, and he and his wife and I had our glasses up. "*Slainte!*" (Then he explained the different pronunciations of that Gaelic toast in various parts of Ireland.)

He had sharp eyes – I don't understand his comment in this new book, "I am not observant" – but his ear was infallible. The word "ass," in the sense of "rump," occurred in the manuscript, and forgetting that he had often used it thus in his stories, I asked him whether it ought not to be "arse" as it usually is in British use. He played the word back in his memory. "Ass," he muttered, "ass." With his eyes squinting, he listened to some long-past Irish quarrel. "Kiss me ass." He turned to me. "No, ass is right."

He wanted to include in the book a picture of his old teacher, Daniel Corkery, the writer and scholar of Gaelic. He said he would write to Corkery for it, even though the old man had made some dismissive remark about a book of Frank's that had ventured into his field. Weeks went by; I kept asking about the Corkery picture, and Frank kept saying he would write. At last, after a couple of months, he finally said that he thought he would just let it go. He didn't say so, but it was clear that this 57-year-old, renowned author was still afraid of his venerated, sharp-tongued teacher. This didn't diminish Frank's charm for me.

There is no picture of Corkery in *My Father's Son,* either. And there is no verbal portrait as magnificent as that of his mother in *An Only Child,* nor such drama as the Revolution and Civil War. But there is plenty. The second book begins where the first ended, with his release from almost a year's internment after the Civil War, in 1923. He was engaged by Lennox Robinson, the playwright who was then secretary of the Irish Carnegie United Kingdom Trust and was organizing rural libraries. O'Connor – which was his pen name later; his real name was Michael O'Donovan – became a trainee librarian and starved for a couple of years in small towns. Everything he saw along the way he picks out cleanly for his narrative. Here is the secretary of a County Council:

> About eleven-thirty he came strolling in, a tall, gangling man with long white hair and a white moustache and a wonderful air of inconsequent buccaneering.

Back in his native Cork as a full-fledged librarian, he founded a dramatic society in his spare time, and met the lovely Nancy McCarthy, a pharmacist, who became his leading lady and whom he wanted to marry but did not. By one of the oddest coincidences in my own life, I visited Miss McCarthy in her pharmacy and home in a Cork suburb in 1956; and when I first met Frank in a Madison Avenue office in 1960, I asked him to sit down because I had a surprise for him. He sat, and I told him that I had met Miss McCarthy four years before and that we wrote each other sometimes. He gaped a moment, then said, "Thank God, you asked me to sit down."

After a couple of years (specific dates are scarce in the book) O'Connor got an appointment to a library in Dublin and, despite his extreme shyness at the time, soon became part of the literary world that was buzzing there. He became a particular friend-disciple of A. E. (George Russell) and of Yeats. The latter, whose defense against bores was frankly to be bored by them, took to the young provincial and in the course of time was influential in getting him on the board of directors of the Abbey Theater. It was partly because of the death of Yeats that O'Connor eventually resigned from the board – and also because (as he told me) "that theater was eating up my life." During these Dublin years he began to write and to travel, and the book ends with

The Hunting Trip Cook

How you stood up on those bunioned feet
I'll never know. But you didn't much.
Master chef you called yourself,
your unemployment card said simply, cook,
I lived with you and your mad wife,
waiting to get off to California.
I wanted to be released from your creaky house,
where the unstrung piano quarreled
with your arthritic fingers,
where we kept most of the lights off
so we could play the upright, four-legged radio,
where you and your old buddy, Will,
kept a steady block of Tokay bottles
piling up in the coalless coal box.
I was tired of the breakfasts of week-old
biscuits and sugared water that passed for syrup,
tired of the smell of the festering rooms,
tired, too, of sleeping in a cold room,
where all the beds were piled up
under homemade quilts, to keep one room
open for paying tenants.
One night, drunk on the neighbor's
fresh biscuits, I threatened to stack
tumbleweeds against the house
and burn it down.
You sat rocking under your shaded lamp,
half in the wind, a melancholic smile on your face,
And turning to your mad wife,
You announced your annual hunting trip.
I thought of having you come back,
peeking from the shield of a model A,
a fat, black bear tied to the fender,

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the effect on him of Yeats' death. But it might have gone on; the book itself was ended by Frank's death in 1966. The work of editing and collating the different drafts has been smoothly done by his friend Maurice Sheehy of University College, Dublin.

Along the way O'Connor drops in pearly comments on human behavior:

> When a man repeats years later the crushing retort he has made, you can be sure that he was badly hurt.

Or on social phenomena:

> Ritual is only a linking of the dead with our daily actions.

But the life of the book is in its portraits: his proud, drink-pursued father, his still-miraculous mother, and the rivalry between father and son for the mother's company; his lesser-known friends whom he makes important to us, and his well-known friends, whose importance he illuminates. I understand A. E. better now as a mover in the Irish Renaissance. And Yeats is now both more odd and more attractive. O'Connor says of him:

> When he began to bully me I always gave him lip, almost on principle. After my father, I never quarrelled so much with anyone, and even if one allows that I am a bit in the same line myself, it takes two to make a disagreement last as long as ours. One might say that I was discovering my real father at last, and that all the old attitudes induced by my human father came on top. Yet I can truthfully say that when, towards the end of his life, I became his devoted slave, it was entirely due to his generosity, because with no one else was I so crude and uppish.

One need not exaggerate the virtues of a man like O'Connor in order to praise him. Sometimes he did not even appreciate his own virtues: he omitted what is probably his most highly valued story, "Guests of the Nation," from his first retrospective collection in 1952 because he did not think it one of his best. As a critic (he wrote four books of criticism) his strength is as a partisan; one feels that Shakespeare and Chekhov and Stendhal and Jane Austen and some Irish poets had become chemicals in his blood and that, principally, his criticism is an attempt to explain the composition of his being. As a writer of fiction, he may be one of the last of a breed (Isaac Bashevis Singer is another): the writer whose prose has the quality of speech, the tale *told*, yet without any folkloristic simplicities. The "recited" quality is combined with a fine sensibility so that one gets the sense of a literary artist speaking a story spontaneously. O'Connor also has a relation to his material that is now rare: an aim to crystallize an important moment in the social history of his people. He was not only interested in preserving his own truth but some truths about the social transition in Ireland. He does all this, at his best, in everything from his choice of theme and plot and character to small turns of phrase in his dialogue or narration. But the shortcoming of the "told" story is that it may keep the author's direct feelings at a remove. I can't remember any passage in an O'Connor story that flames off the page like the ending of Part One in *An Only Child*.

A good subject for a sympathetic critic would be a comparison of O'Connor's two-volume autobiography with his short stories, to see how a writer uses his life, alters it, synthesizes elements in it. In fact, it must have been hard for him to write his life "straight" after having pulled out so many threads for embroidery. In "My Oedipus Complex," for instance, the father and mother are patently drawn from his own parents, but the baby brother is imaginary; O'Connor never had one. Why did he want to imagine one? How did he move from an emotional situation he knew – jealousy of his father all his

grimacing, his dead head taking command of the street,
or a handsomely crowned deer,
his injured eyes still thrust out.
Suddenly, become noble, you'd skin
and slice your gift, as expertly
as if you were the hunter,
trying to make us believe that you knew
how to kill, that you had gone
trapping up the bitter hills, alone,
with a shotgun to bring back our food.
But you were the cook,
waking with the others to set out
a pot of strong black coffee, eggs
and fresh biscuits, bobbing around
on your bunions to get the noon meal set
while the tender doctors, their raw,
veined and unhappy faces set,
pulled off deep in the mountain woods,
where you would hear them firing, now and then,
and stop yourself to imagine it,
to be able to tell over and over again
how the encounter came about,
how you slit the throat and dragged
the victim miles by a rope,
coming into camp through silent
and evacuated plains, head modestly dropped,
taciturn according to the code of killers.
Only I, it seems, knew you couldn't shoot,
knew you stood in awe, as I did,
of those who could kill and mount the catch,
or give it away for biscuits, served up
by a bunioned, black and simple cook.

Jay Wright

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—LLOYD GARRISON,
The New York Times Magazine

by
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—RICHARD WEST,
The Sunday Times (London)

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life long – to a greatly changed set of tensions? In one of his last stories, "A Life of Your Own," a prowler breaks into the house of a girl who lives alone and scrawls over her bed with her lipstick the words "I love you"; and O'Connor makes the girl a pharmacist who lives in the suburbs!

Perhaps the idea above might appeal to one of the critics who contribute to *Michael/Frank.* (As Richard Ellmann tells us in his memoir in the book, that name was used for O'Connor by Mrs. Yeats.) This volume is a threnodic *Festschrift* of twenty articles and a bibliography, edited by Maurice Sheehy. Only five of the pieces can really be called criticism, with a specially helpful essay by Thomas Flanagan, an American teacher and critic. The other articles are affectionate but not maudlin recollections, all valuable to those who have been moved by O'Connor. There are no photographs in the book itself, only one on the back of the jacket. I suppose it is meant to be used with *My Father's Son,* which does have photographs. Both books have jackets complementary to that of O'Connor's last collection, *A Set of Variations,* each of the three bearing a shamrock. I wish I could hear Frank's comment on that last stupendous subtlety.

By now it is a commonplace that O'Connor's work varies widely in quality. Many of his stories (almost a hundred) now seem only juicy, truthful entertainments for the literate. But some of them – including "Guests of the Nation" and "In the Train" and "The Masculine Principle" – will last, I think, as long as there is any interest in a writer who saw himself as a medium between the life going on around him and some of the people living it, with the rest of the world as beneficiaries of his office.

Kenneth Boulding: Case Study in Non-Decision

The Ultimate Folly: War by Pestilence, Asphyxiation and Defoliation by Congressman Richard D. McCarthy

(Knopf; $5.95)

Even the most modest appraisal of this little volume would sound fulsome. It covers a subject of enormous importance. It does this without a wasted word, without an unnecessary epithet, and without hysteria. The documentation is superb. At the end of every chapter the essential documents – and there are not very many – are reproduced in full. It can stand as a model of what writing on any serious subject should be like. It can be read in an evening and it should leave no reader unmoved. It is a record of a chess game in which man is moving step by step toward self-destruction. It is a terrifying case study in non-decision. It documents how a technological process can take control and by a series of small steps carry a society to a position utterly at variance with its ideals, with its interests, or its image of itself.

In case the reader has not guessed by this time, this is a book about chemical and bacteriological warfare and the preparations for this which are being made in the United States. It starts with a description of the attempt to control chemical warfare after the First World War and the development, in spite of the refusal of the United States to ratify the "Protocol for the prohibition of the use in war of asphyxiating poisonous and other gases and bacteriological methods of war-

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fare," of a tradition of restraint which prevented the use of these weapons in the Second World War. McCarthy then shows how this position was quietly reversed, beginning in 1956. This secret and undebated change in policy has resulted in a massive effort in research, production and stockpiling of chemical and bacteriological weapons, an effort which is budgeted at 350 million dollars for the fiscal year 1969. One might point out that this is approximately equal to all the budgets of all the international agencies put together. McCarthy goes on to tell the story of the "war against food and foliage" in Vietnam and the way in which chemical agents originally justified as "humanitarian" have increasingly escalated into deadly weapons. Then he goes on to tell the story of the internal dangers which arise out of the production and stockpiling of all this deadly material. The Denver earthquakes, the sheep in Utah and finally the fantastic proposals of the Department of Defense for shipping large quantities of these materials across the country by train and dumping them in the Atlantic, a proposal which fortunately was unearthed in time and stopped, largely by Congressman McCarthy himself. Perhaps the most chilling story is how President Nixon's message to the eighteen-nation disarmament conference on July 3, 1969 was censored somewhere on the way to eliminate the words "the specter of chemical and bacteriological warfare arouses horror and revulsion throughout the world." One almost gets the impression that the United States is being hijacked by its own military with destruction as its destination.

This is a little book of plain facts. It does not pretend to examine the larger implications for strategy in the international system of the development of chemical and bacteriological warfare. This is perhaps just as well, for these implications are even more disturbing than the facts that Congressman McCarthy has unearthed. Chemical and bacteriological weapons could easily destroy the whole system of deterrence on which the international system rests so fragilely, for the only rationale of these weapons is not deterrence at all but conquest and genocide. The United States and the world owe a great debt to Congressman McCarthy. It restores hope in our democratic system of government that a man like this can be elected to Congress.

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Charles Thomas Samuels: Big Pictures and Little Phrases

Literature and the Sixth Sense by Philip Rahv

(Houghton Mifflin; $10)

The Third Book of Criticism by Randall Jarrell

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $7.50)

> Critics now are almost poets, planetary poets making notes toward their supreme fictions. The critic is happy to comment upon literature, but only on the understanding that the interest of the commentary is intrinsic, "self-creating," "self-delighting." Few critics are content to say helpful things about hard poems. – Denis Donoghue (*New York Review*, 3/9/67)

In the sixties criticism aspired to become autobiography. The decade's notorious success, Susan Sontag, describes her first volume as "not criticism at all, strictly speaking, but case studies for an aesthetic, a theory of my own sensibility." And her sensibility, relatively immune to the blandishments of literature, seems typical. The distinguished magazine in which Donoghue writes moves away from novels and poems, ignoring or omnibusing them in order to express more outrage at Vietnam or the New York School strike. *Partisan Review*, which made its reputation popularizing the masterworks of modernism, follows Sontag's "new sensibility" by selling the ephemera of pop culture. Youthful unrest is worried in every journal, while poetry, known to be unread, and fiction, long since deceased, get scant attention.

There are exceptions. Still, no one could call this an "age of criticism," as Randall Jarrell called the forties and fifties, or fear that criticism is displacing literature. Today literature is displaced by politics, while criticism, quavering before its imminent collapse, becomes a lyric mode. Jarrell was also lyrical, but he always sang the praise of something outside himself: good poems. Philip Rahv, another fine old critic with a new book, resisted solipsism by believing that "criticism . . . is a medium first and foremost of the critic's response to literature and almost indirectly, by refraction as it were, of his response to life."

Long ago, T. S. Eliot defined criticism as the "elucidation of texts and correction of taste." By emphasizing the first and neglecting the second activity, the same wave of "new criticism" that raised literary discussion to new heights also stranded it on the beach. There it mostly languishes, run into sands of sterile analysis, anatomizing anything – even empty shells. But men like Jarrell and Rahv saw this threat before it became the dangerous fashion. To save criticism from aridity, one proposed revitalization by feeling, the other amplification through a "sixth sense" (historical imagination). To a notable degree, each man succeeded, but neither without cost.

In Rahv, the cost is remoteness or obsolescence. His sense of history is sometimes so extraordinary an alertness to contemporary problems that when they lose their urgency, so does Rahv. The new book (including all of two previous volumes except the essays on Dostoyevsky) reprints too many attacks on departed enemies. Pieces like "Proletarian Literature: A Political Autopsy" retain pertinence because the thirties' Marxism that preferred Mike Gold to Henry James reappears in the new-left partisanship that caused certain critics to salivate merely at the title of Mailer's *Why Are We in Vietnam?* Other essays, however, like "Religion and the Intellectuals," about neo-orthodoxy in the

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fifties, or "American Intellectuals in the Postwar Situation" deal overzealously with false alarms. Sometimes, through entanglement in critical controversy, Rahv even becomes diverted from criticism. Thus, in a review of *The Old Man and the Sea*, he can barely attend to Hemingway's prose, in anger at the foolish symbolic readings it engendered, and so fails adequately to deplore it.

Famous essays, notably "Paleface and Redskin" (1939), purport to be observation but are acceptable only as polemics. Dividing all American writers into opposing camps of naturalness and refinement, Rahv loses credibility not through sketchiness alone (the piece is five pages long). Is it correct to place Melville among the refined Palefaces when his books are so critical of their ideology, however much he may have lived out their deprivations? And should Rahv assign our century to the Redskins when its major writers include Eliot, Stevens, and Faulkner? Only if you understand that he was trying to urge novelists of the forties to resist unanalyzed experience can you appreciate his categories for what they are: exhortations.

However, the sixth sense that betrays Rahv into wasted involvement with contemporary issues also enables him to place the texts and writers he does discuss in illuminating perspective. Therefore, he can do justice to the problematic Henry Miller by accurately contrasting him with rebel artists he resembles only superficially. Or he can make an equally convincing case for Arthur Koestler by holding him up as an example of "homeless radicalism."

More importantly, the very sweep of Rahv's historical understanding lends him some of that *"ideal aloofness* from abstract systems" in which he believes criticism must operate. Progressive that he is, he still knows enough history to appreciate the force of Kafka's mythic emphasis on original sin, and though this belief appalls him, he is able to produce the first laudatory essay in English on Kafka's dark world. Faulting Virginia Woolf's unintended neglect of Mrs. Brown (Woolf's symbol for ineluctable reality), Rahv at the same time can argue (in "Notes on the Decline of Naturalism") that strict attention to reality is insufficient for art.

When his concern with critical folly isolates a really major error, he makes

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his most important contribution. In "Fiction and the Criticism of Fiction" he squares off against the ponderous monism that would exalt Jane Austen over Tolstoy because the latter was less adroit with words. Properly insisting that language is less crucially the medium of novels than of poems (about which he has virtually nothing to say), Rahv restores a sensible emphasis on fictional content: character, milieu, event, idea. Because he believes that novels provide insight, he takes them seriously, though he never judges them simply by what they say.

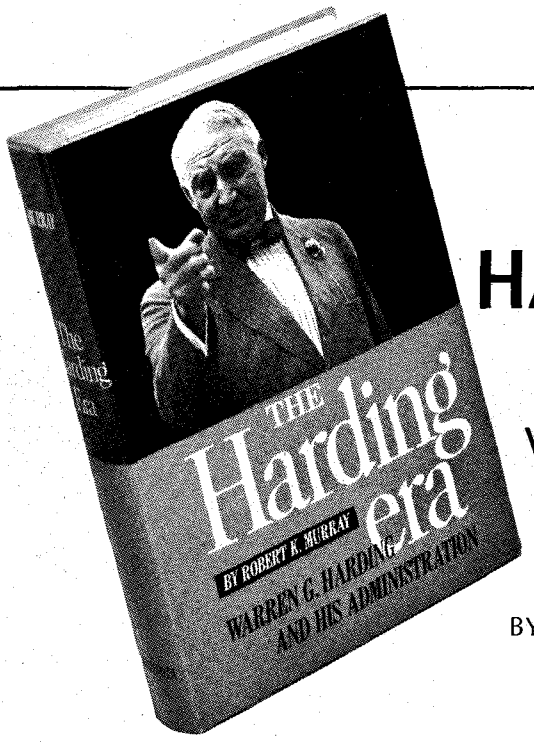
Altogether he is an honorable proponent of the view that fiction is cognitive and, as such, an item in the creation of culture. But in his emphasis on the latter process he prefers the big picture to the little detail, so that readers seeking helpful comments on hard texts come away dissatisfied.

Jarrell more often gives his attention to texts. But close analysis is not his forte, as one sees in "Robert Frost's 'Home Burial,'" a near-parody of the new critical belief that one makes a known poem interesting by making it seem complex. When dealing with an unknown work, like Christina Stead's *The Man Who Loved Children*, Jarrell falls into another error: hard-sell. Thus his opening assertion is perfervid ("if all mankind had been reared in orphan asylums for a thousand years it could learn to have families again by reading this novel") and even misleading, since acquaintance with the awful Pollits would sooner encourage celibacy. Identifying us with such eccentrics is as dubious a project as repeated attempts to coerce agreement by replacing the "I's" in his opinions with "we's." Bleeding quotations hacked from the text, flattering allusions to Tolstoy and Proust are both signs of a failure to persuade; and one is not surprised to see Jarrell eventually throw up his hands: "Doesn't one feel the same satisfaction with, the same wonder at, some of the passages I have already quoted?"

Nevertheless, Jarrell did manage to revive this fine novel and even perhaps to encourage Stead, after long silence, to produce or find a publisher for other work. Despite his offenses against measure and tact, Jarrell did achieve the highest goal of criticism: he got someone to read a good book.

When you have finished one of the good books that Jarrell loves you will usually find that he has fixed its goodness in a brilliant phrase. For this reason, his essay on Stevens is valuable despite its cavalier treatment of individual poems. Jarrell doesn't follow the solemn fashion of taking all of Stevens' pronunciamentos as profundities; judiciously, he avers, "Few poets have ever made a more interesting rhetoric of just fooling around." He recognizes the low-keyed sensibility which Stevens turned into a commanding voice: "it is as if Stevens didn't want the poetic equivalent of sonata form, and had gone back to earlier polyphonic ways, days when the crescendo was still uninvented." And in one phrase he captures the surprise you feel on coming upon this ample poet in his surrounding Waste Land: "If he were an animal he would be, without a doubt, that rational, magnanimous, voluminous animal, the elephant." If such insights aren't quite criticism, they are sparks that get the critical machine fired up.

In essays on Graves and Auden, Jarrell not only fires up but moves; in Auden's case, like a juggernaut. Beginning with a witty epigram ("We never step twice into the same Auden – HERACLITUS"), Jarrell goes on to powerful indictments against Auden's rhetorical excesses, evasive religiosity, and lack of moral proportion ("Auden is interested in establishing a dichotomy in which one side, naturally, gets all the worst of it, and he wants *all the worst* to be as complete as possible, to



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cover everything from imperialism to underlining too many words in letters").

Such phrases can be as illuminating as Rahv's generalizations, but almost more than Rahv, Jarrell requires a highly educated reader. For only when one has already read the writer Jarrell is discussing can one appreciate the wealth of insight or justice contained in his phrases because, like Rahv, he is frequently too magisterial to cite sufficient evidence. As a result, we get little help from him with hard poems, though if we have already understood them, Jarrell will tell us pointedly what they are worth.

Rahv's big pictures and Jarrell's little phrases are each more stimulating than most critical exegesis, against which both stand in fundamental reaction. But one senses in each (though more in Rahv than in Jarrell) a certain impatience with criticism that may, after all, have paved the way for Donoghue's heroes. We can never go back to "new criticism" – with bloodless scientism and cultural obscurity – but we must not move forward without the text. In Rahv's hands, historicist criticism is often successful, but lesser men can turn intellectual analysis back into bias, just as epigones of Randall Jarrell may reduce enthusiasm to the mere assertion of personality. Should that happen, we will be surrounded only by what Donoghue, without derision, calls "Balloons" – and we know what they're full of.

A *Pleasant Thought from Whitehead*

Here I am at my desk. The
light is bright enough
to read by it is a warm
friendly day I am feeling
assertive. I slip a few
poems into the pelican's
bill and he is off! out
the window into the blue!

The editor is delighted I
hear his clamor for more
but that is nothing. Ah!
reader! you open the page
my poems stare at you you
stare back, do you not? my
poems speak on the silver
of your eyes your eyes repeat
them to your lover's this
very night. Over your naked
shoulder the improving stars
read my poems and flash
them onward to a friend.

The eyes the poems of the
world are changed! Pelican!
you will read them too!

Frank O'Hara

Remember when sex was spelled s--?

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Selig S. Harrison: After Vietnam

Toward Disengagement in Asia
by Bernard Gordon

(Prentice-Hall; $2.45, paperback)

The issue has never really been whether the United States should be "in" or "out" of Asia. It is not as simple as that if only because "Asia" is a category much too broad and inclusive to accommodate sweeping generalizations. One obvious measure of this is the fact that those who take military disengagement for granted in Vietnam do not necessarily agree on how fast the pace should be elsewhere, or on what comes afterward. But more important, military power is not the only kind that counts, and even a prescription for total disengagement in a military sense would still leave scope for a substantial American economic contribution to Asian development.

Focusing on the military dimensions of the American presence, Bernard Gordon has made one of the most ambitious attempts to date to translate the rhetorical extremes of the disengagement debate into concrete, precisely defined alternatives. He envisages the gradual transfer of US bases in Southeast Asia to host governments within a decade or at the latest, by "the mid-1980s." Peking, he recognizes, "regards the armed presence of the United States in certain parts of Southeast Asia as among the most serious provocations to her security and prestige." The non-Communist countries in the area want to reduce their dependence on the United States and are moving, in any event, toward the creation of effective regional machinery of their own, possibly including a regional counter-insurgency force. Even in strictly military terms, he points out, improvements in strategic mobility have made forward military bases in Asia expendable. Having persuaded us that measured disengagement is both inevitable and desirable, however, he then shrinks from the implications of his own analysis and conditions everything on the success of regional cooperation – warning that regionalism is not such a sure thing and that the US might conceivably have to hold on to its bases and special defense guarantees indefinitely.

This is an uneven and at times indigestible mixture of original exploration and inglorious withdrawal into discredited assumptions. Nevertheless, it is a careful, wide-ranging, provocative effort with a wealth of useful documentation and will undoubtedly be a focus of serious discussion as the argument over Asia policy unfolds in the years ahead.

The best part of the book and the one that can be unambiguously recommended is his perceptive analysis of past attempts to evolve patterns of regional cooperation and what these portend for future efforts. As in his earlier work, *Dimensions of Conflict in Southeast Asia*, Gordon discusses regionalism with sensitive attention to the force of local nationalisms and without pretense regarding the artificial stimulus provided by American embassies in the area. Only the new, Djakarta-centered Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN), he notes, arose out of authentic local initiatives and for precisely this reason offers more promise than other regional groupings. While he stresses the desire to offset future Chinese power as a natural preoccupation of governments facing strong domestic Chinese minorities, he is also fully alert to the fears of American and Japanese domination motivating the formation of ASEAN.

In a book about post-Vietnam policy the author can get away without prescribing a formula for getting out but must at least clearly indicate whether he thinks it was all a mistake and why. Gordon wrote an earlier version of his study for the Research Analysis Corporation, an Army think tank, and his references to Vietnam are accordingly marked by occasional genuflections in the direction of the Pentagon. At the same time, he makes clear that he has no sympathy for the "self-made sense of commitment among some Americans" responsible for the progressive deepening of the American commitment following 1954. "To officials who knew how much effort and resources had already been invested in the regime of Ngo Dinh Diem," he writes, "it probably appeared that the United States could not ('in honor'?) do otherwise than invest just a little bit more to 'complete' the task of making South Vietnam secure."

Even though the US made its initial mistakes before 1961, he contends, it was the Kennedy Administration that committed the ultimate blunder by staking American bona fides as an ally on the outcome in Saigon. Because this created a "vital interest" where only an "indirect interest" had previously existed, he expresses a hope that the US can extricate itself as gracefully as possible and that South Vietnam will remain intact for an unspecified face-saving transition period. But he implies a readiness to see the South absorbed by the North sooner or later, so long as this does not occur "under circumstances that could reasonably be traced to a failure of will or capacity by the US." That he has no illusions about the probable future political complexions of Saigon during the transition years preceding reunification is implicit in his making no allowance for the possibility of South Vietnamese participation in US-blessed regional groupings.

It is his failure to examine why Vietnam offered such inhospitable terrain for American intervention that underlies many of the most serious shortcomings of this book. He does not acknowledge the exceptional character of Vietnam as the only country in Asia, barring China, where a Communist party captured the effective leadership of nationalism. He ignores the social and economic factors common to the experience of successful insurgent movements not only in Asia but elsewhere. Overlooking the roots of insurgency as he does, he easily falls into his facile prescription for a counter-insurgency force under ASEAN sponsorship as a substitute for American intervention.

Aside from the fact that the proposed force would be one-sidedly dependent on support from the US Japan and Australia, and would thus

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unavoidably be regarded as an American proxy, the entire notion of multinational intervention disregards the nature of insurgency. An immediate and direct rejection of the idea has come from one of ASEAN's pillars, Thai Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman, who observed in a recent Bangkok speech that the task of combatting guerrillas can only be carried out effectively by local governments resting on a strong nationalist foundation. Outsiders simply will not do, he said, "not even fellow Asians." In some situations, to be sure, this means that the contest will be waged by local majorities who are outsiders in their own way when dealing with their sub-national minorities, whether Chinese in Malaysia, hill tribes in Thailand, or Karens in Burma. But in these cases, too, the intervention of an outside force is likely to arouse nationalist sensitivities in the country as a whole and weaken the base of the government under attack.

Gordon makes no effort to distinguish between deeply rooted insurgent movements capable of survival on their own and others largely dependent on external support. He does not even clearly restrict the role of his proposed force to cases where Chinese or North Vietnamese support has been established. Since his implicit assumption is that the US interest lies in "stability," without regard to the character of the regime in question or the strength of its domestic base, he fails to address even in general terms the most troublesome issues that will determine where the US interest lies in many borderline situations. In some cases, as in Cambodia today, the US might properly applaud if local leaders are able to quell a Communist-supported insurgency and perhaps even agree to sell military equipment. In others the government concerned might lack a strong popular base and a Communist-supported rebel movement might be the most effective agent for long-overdue social and economic change.

A monolithic emphasis on the danger posed by Chinese support for insurgent movements is the inevitable by-product of a mechanistic application of traditional balance of power concepts to Asia. Gordon endorses the view that nascent Chinese power must be offset just as Soviet power was balanced by the Marshall Plan and NATO, and that China will eventually accept "a rival power structure" in Southeast Asia as Moscow did in Western Europe. Yet the parallel breaks down completely on close examination. Moscow was ready to tolerate a rival power structure in Western Europe, but not in the Eastern European states immediately along her borders. China, by the same token, would be most unlikely to rest content while a "tight system" with a specifically anti-Chinese *raison d'etre* reaches into states adjacent to her frontiers.

The logical conclusion of this unfortunate line of argument would be to let China "have" the continental Southeast Asian states after the pattern of Eastern Europe. American and other external influence would presumably then retreat to insular outposts of countervailing power in Indonesia, the Philippines and Japan. But this would be as futile in the face of new nationalisms as an attempt to keep China out of the area entirely. The world is too small now in too many ways for exclusive spheres of influence to last very long. This is peculiarly true of Southeast Asia, where Moscow and more importantly, Tokyo, will both be present helping to see that neither Washington nor Peking has its own private preserve.

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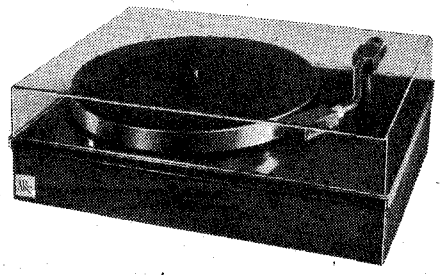

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Louis Coxe: Sir Laurence: Lives, Somewhere

Olivier: An Informal Portrait by Virginia Fairweather

(Coward McCann; $4.95)

O to be a Theater(re) Person. The wonder, wit and glamour of it all, the exciting people, the first names, the money. It beats working and though you may never get to the top you can always write a book about those who do and clean up. More or less. And how delightful to be able to revive a genre – a whole style – one had thought gone with the movie mags of yesteryear.

And so . . . Virginia (Ginny) Fairweather, but don't test it. The dust jacket copy (good and suggestive name, dust jacket) tells us that the author has known Sir Laurence Olivier for twenty years and more, is "the press representative of Britain's National Theater"(re), and is naturally "the ideal person to provide us with an intimate glimpse" etc etc. As one of the major idealists of our time, I have some difficulty with the blurb-writer's idiom. But that is as naught compared to the difficulty facing the reader when he falls into the prose of Mrs. Fairweather. PHOTOPLAY revisited, or Calling Noel Coward. And sure enough, there is Noel on page twenty-two: "Who else, I wondered, possessed that humor and understanding of the moment except Noel Coward. Bless him!" But why wait for page twenty-two? Page one sets the tone for the breathless account that follows. Mrs. Fairweather has a fund of uninteresting anecdote and an ear for cliche. She gives us a liberal helping of ruptured syntax and bad grammar ("He suddenly suggested we all went out to the town . . .") and nearly every noun has its inevitable PR adjective, from "exciting" to "desperate." She rings the huckster's chimes till we (at least) are tone-deaf.

And Laurence Olivier is one of the greatest actors of the century. Really and truly. Take him for all in all, he commands the greatest technique with intelligence and range; he has shown himself to be capable of mastering many styles and has neither corrupted himself like Burton nor run to pseudo-Elizabethan ham fat like innumerable others. No Robert Bolt roles for him. Chekhov, Congreve, John Osborne, Strindberg – he has acted, directed and produced them all, as well as Shakespeare, and he acted with Marilyn Monroe just to keep in touch. Mrs. Fairweather drops the names of plays and actors, of titled zeros and faceless workaday peasants. We have no impression of Laurence Olivier whatever, except that Mrs. F. is mighty "thrilled" by her acquaintance with what I feel sure she would have to call a "celebrity." We are given one of those inside stories about the founding of the theater at Chichester with a long and not quite circumstantial tale of woe about all the troubles involved. And just to top it all, the Duke of Norfolk's watch was fast, for God's sake!

Can you imagine the consternation? Don't. And dammit, the book could have been a useful one. Many of us who don't give a curse for theater really love good plays, and Laurence Olivier has provided more good plays for the stage than any man alive and most dead. Yet I suppose Olivier, like all fine artists, must have a large element of the chameleon, and if behind that he has a fairly solid and recognizable nature which amounts to more than "personality," PR representatives would be the last to see it.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Sir Laurence Olivier. And be of stout heart, theater lovers, "Larry" lives, but not in this book. You know it, as they say. Or, You better believe it. And if any of you out there where the PR people can't breathe need a job, may I suggest an editorship at Coward McCann? They need someone "desperately."

Nothing New at Kindu

Serenely November submerges trees and streets at this
wintry parallel, and while the crowd flows again
from false Tyrolese beer-shops and restaurants, death
and ashes rise in the air: smoke
of death and ashes dispersed
from another parallel.
And here I feel the horror folded
in my pocket release its characters,
the black print grow wet with grief
and rise again in my throat.
But where, close by,
the gold, incense and aisles echo words of wealth
and faith, the horror lacks voice, and voices
of generals and diplomats lack meaning and words
to give a meaning to the lives cut short, to the cut-up limbs,
to all the rivers of Africa and Spain, of France and Hungary.

For us, for the thirteen dead, for those who kill and are
forever killed, nothing new at Kindu, nothing new, nothing.

Translation by William Alexander
From Robert Sanesi's "Nulla di Nuovo a Kindu"

**13 Italian airmen flying transport planes for the UN force in the Congo were seized in the UN messhall at Kindu by drunken Congolese soldiers, Nov. 11, 1961. Brutally beaten, they were dragged to trucks, taken to Kindu prison and immediately shot, their bodies then cut into pieces to be distributed to the large crowd looking on and to be flung at non-Congolese present; two mutilated bodies were dragged through Kindu's main street and exhibited until the next day. All remains of bodies were then thrown into the Lualaba River.*

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Adam Yarmolinsky: Getting Through to LBJ

The Limits of Intervention by Townsend Hoopes

(David McKay; $5.95)

On the evening of March 31, 1968, Townsend Hoopes, then Under Secretary of the Air Force, was at home waiting to hear the President's speech. He knew there was both a hawkish and a dovish draft, but he didn't know which draft the President had chosen, and he sat there, "expecting the worst . . . polishing a letter of resignation for submission the following morning." Afterwards, he reports, "the electricity failed throughout the house, I found a cold bottle of champagne in the cellar and for the next hour sat on the bedroom floor with my wife, sipping thoughtfully by the light of a single candle."

There is much food for thought in this account of how the direction of the war was reversed and the painful withdrawal process initiated. Mr. Hoopes was ideally situated to produce this report, close enough to the decision-makers to have a pretty clear idea of what was going on (and he could piece together what he missed from his acquaintance with the principal parties) but not so close as to lose perspective, or to feel the need of justifying his own role. While much of the book covers familiar ground, the events of the winter of 1968 in the Pentagon, the State Department and the White House are seen here for the first time at close range. The author draws no particular conclusions about the process he describes, but four things emerge particularly: the persistence of beliefs within a bureaucracy, the willingness to express dissent inside (but not outside) the Administration, the power of the President, and the ultimate penetrating power of facts.

Evidences of how beliefs become embedded in bureaucracy, like flies in amber, are found in the development of the Khe Sanh strategy, in the repeated expressions of confidence in the military outcome, in the March 1968 report of an ad hoc task force that recommended steps to send in another 200,000 men – and the continuing emphasis on the strictly military posture, even after the March 31 speech. There is a sense of timelessness in the January 1968 quote from General Wheeler: "We are winning the war in Viet Nam, but Hanoi is still not ready to give up – the major campaign of the war is being fought here in the United States.

Yet in the face of enormous bureaucratic inertia, contrary official policy, and violent Presidential hostility, many of the politically responsible officials of the Johnson Administration persisted, with ingenuity and determination, in their effort to point out to their superiors, including the President, that the path being followed led only to the precipice. Because day to day decisions were left so largely to the military commander in the field, their effect on interstitial decision-making, though quite considerable in other areas, was minimal here. And the difficulties of direct confrontation with LBJ are vividly painted, as in Hoopes' description of the game of musical chairs played by a number of high officials to avoid testifying in open congressional hearings while they were trying to find the best way to present their views privately to the President. How much they contributed to the March 31 course reversal is impossible to calculate. With another President, the collective impact might have been greater. One hopes that this kind of spirit of loyal opposition can still be found in the ranks of the Nixon appointees.

Clearly, the President was the man who had to be persuaded, and his shadow falls across the entire narrative. Hoopes' portrait of LBJ is rather two-dimensional, as though Johnson actually believed everything people told him about successes in Vietnam,

Sicilian Sketch

Somewhere in the store amid the hangings,
hard cheeses, white salami, yesterdays,
a wood virgin shines, immortal pin-up.
She lives in perfect coexistence with
a cover-girl, the shop's one ornament,
except the girls with sullen smocks of glances,
girls who serve moodily, enchant
or disenchant the cheeses. A gold charm
hungers for eyes between their breasts.
At the corner shrine some candles drip
shadows on the virgin, the dark wall
flickering, faceless yet obscenely shows
sticks of graffiti poking God's eye—
and I remember the two kittens mewed
that morning, miawling on the street
with votive head and body, wet
inches of agony. Was it their death
moment to moment, or the greater fear
of seeing them undead at my return
squirming still sucking dust, but an image
of the still face of evil blazes out
at my face, and fuses blazon, virgin,
and the insouciance of a gold cross.

Geoffrey Hartman

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let alone everything he told other people. And he did make some extraordinary claims, as Hoopes reminds us. But the President is cast as the villain of the piece, and a rather simple-minded villain at that, taking Walt Rostow's optimistic version of current history at face value, and being genuinely shocked when Dean Acheson tells him that the Joint Chiefs didn't know what they were talking about. One suspects that the President's role was a larger one in shaping his own decision than the author seems to give him credit for, that the President's timing was more a visceral response to the popular temper, that the inside politics was more skillfully stage-managed from the White House, and that the determination to chase the tumbleweed of military victory reflected a tragic flaw in the American character as much as in the President's.

Eventually, the impossibility of victory did penetrate into the oval office more through the news ticker and the three-screen television console than through the intelligence channels that fed into the White House situation room. They took a long time to get through, even longer perhaps than Hoopes' account suggests, simply because Hoopes focuses on a relatively brief period. For Lyndon Johnson, it may be that facts, like governments, were only to be recognized when they had acquired constituencies so powerful that they could not be ignored.

There is some question whether the facts have penetrated to the new occupant of the oval office, or whether we must accept Coventry Patmore's grim observation that

> "The truth is great, and shall prevail,
> When none cares whether it prevail or not."

One wonders what Mr. Hoopes thought as he sat and watched our new President address the same issues two weeks ago.

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Saul Maloff: The Beery Clown's Novel

The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight by Jimmy Breslin

(Viking; $5.95)

To patronize Jimmy Breslin is all at the same time child's play, beside any serious point, and morally perfidious; so to say straightaway that his first novel is visibly and audibly a shooting-script for what should make a pleasant enough farce, played by actors on the order of Maxie Rosenbloom, is not meant dismissively. The amiable columnist has not, thank God, abandoned his manner and voice, his way of seeing and speaking, and, putting childish things from him, chosen to take himself solemnly, dropping Jimmy for James, and turned Artist on us. What is most attractive about Breslin the journalist is that he contains no surprises – that even if he is not comforting, he is comfortable, a good drinking companion and talker, a man about town and at home in the streets of the city, and all of a piece, the ex-candidate an extension of the writer, beneath the beery clown's exterior a sentimental Irishman and dead-earnest moralist who might, with some help from his running mate, have saved the doomed city by the sheer force of feeling and will.

Had Breslin's novel been distributed (in an inexpensive paperback edition) as a campaign document, it is doubtful that it would have expanded his constituency much; and, in fact, there is some possibility that it may end forever his political career, at least in his native city. Sinatra won't like it at all, neither will the Anti Defamation League of B'nai Brith, nor will the Poles or Greeks or Wasps; and professional Irishmen will cry bloody treason (and blame it all on Mrs. Jimmy Breslin's Italian blood). In the circumscribed little world of Breslin's fanciful play, there are no Italians, though the scene jumps with Eyetalians – and while the latter, ineffectual racketeers of Sicilian origin who bear as much relation to the former as Mario Procaccino does to Bartolomeo Vanzetti – while they slaughter one another with every means at their disposal, smart Jews figure the odds and count the take. Yet only fools and knaves will take offense; Breslin would be the first to point out that he means no harm. The blood is ketchup; the working Mafioso is infinitely replaceable, the dead indistinguishable from the living; and every complicated business enterprise needs a good accountant.

Breslin's instincts are sound: the Mafia as a subject for fiction can yield up sweaty, hard-breathing melodrama or bathos and fake seriousness, of which we have had more than enough; or – if, indeed, the writer is determined to treat it in the first place – it can be treated as flat-out farce, which is not to say the Mafia is a joke. Of the two, the hazards of farce are on the whole the lesser, though the possibilities for freshness have been seriously diminished by an ancient and honorable tradition of seeing thugs as buffoons and villainy as the other face of legitimacy. Predictably, Breslin hangs his narrative on the frame of fratricidal warfare between Papa Baccala, who full of years and accomplishment sits at the head of his organization, and Kid Sally Palumbo, an upstart challenger to his supremacy. The point is to depose Papa. Papa won't go quietly, and thereupon hangs the tale. A series of ludicrously bungled though elaborately conceived attempts to do in Baccala and his chief henchmen results only in the progressive self-liquidation of the Kid's hapless faction, a long line of riotous deaths and disappearing acts. When the action sags, as sag it does, Breslin further enlivens the scene with some small white-papers on the ghetto, ethnic conflict, urban sociology – and sprightly gags and one-liners such as brighten his best columns.

Yet farceur though Breslin is by temperament, he is an Irish one, which is to say the soft spot cannot be con-

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cealed for long. The twist on ethnic romance turns on the only character Breslin feels true affection for – Kid Sally's kid sister, an NYU drop-out with a heart of gold who has fallen among thieves. Girl name of Angela; and in the context, why not? In a book that nowhere else, not for more than an occasional line, the briefest aside, succeeds or even aspires to succeed in bursting the restrictive limits imposed on it, Angela almost transcends them to become a character among cut-outs, so genuine is Breslin's feeling – though finally she too slips from his grasp and disappears into the mist which covers all. And just as Breslin feels true affection for Angela only, so he reserves true contempt (as against the passing, almost routine kind he levels against some hard cops) for the Irish boy, a lace-curtain careerist, who makes her, then panics when she misses her period by fifteen minutes, and finally, dead scared, abandons her when she most needs a little solace – when, that is, she has been hauled before a Wop-hating cop for brutal grilling. By way of contrast, the Italian boy who succeeds him as her lover chooses deportation to the Sicilian village he has fled rather than betray her to the cops. Clowning apart, here is where the book's authentic feeling lies.

In passing at one point, as if he were unpacking his heart, Breslin remarks, "Among the most overlooked racial problems in the country is the division between Irish and Italians." Now that he has writen the novel his devoted readers expect of him, it would be interesting if Breslin, keeping a more or less straight face, were to turn his hand to a rather large, old-fashioned ethnic novel, set in New York (in Queens perhaps, where he lives) and untainted by the least smear of Runyon or *West Side Story* or *Abie's Irish Rose*, a novel that brought Irish and Italians face to face while all the rest of us Jews, Greeks, Poles, Ukrainians, Blacks, Puerto Ricans, Swedes, Presbyterians of Anglo-Scottish descent and all other interested bystanders held their coats, or partook.

Reed Whittemore: Housmaning Into the Seventies

The Confines of Criticism by A. E. Housman

(Cambridge University Press; $2.95)

Eight and fifty years ago A. E. Housman delivered at Cambridge a lecture conceived in bitterness at what was happening to scholarship. He singled out an Oxford man, Algernon Swinburne, for special blame. Swinburne had taken as a masterpiece one line by Shelley that Housman wanted to demonstrate was unfinished (Housman couldn't demonstrate Shelley's dissatisfaction with it for sure; hence the publishing delay of eight and fifty). The line – "Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar" – wasn't important, but the Swinburne procedure with it was. Swinburne had abandoned observation for epithet. He had said that "the melodious effect of [the line's] exquisite inequality . . . was a thing to thrill the veins and draw tears to the eyes of all men." If he had played scholar, Housman felt, rather than violinist he might have noted that the line was short a foot and a season – and let readers judge for themselves its exquisiteness.

The year (1911) of Housman's lecture was also the year of the publication of the eleventh edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, a great year, maybe the last great year of a dying cause. In 1912 came *Poetry* of Chicago, fol-

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Progress

Man is mind
cried old Descartes
and Wordsworth answered
Man is heart.

Down a new road
at last we come;
our cry: *Libido*
ergo sum.

PETER MEINKE

Fable of the Retiring Candle

A candle
Burned under
A bushel

He did not let his light shine forth
Among men
He did not even let his light shine forth
Among potatoes
The bushel was empty
(Being upside down)
And somewhat stuffy besides

They all called down to him
To come up on deck
And get some air
They wanted him to be the life of the party
To shine
Illuminate eternal verities
Set the world on fire
But no
He politely declined
He didn't want to come up on deck
And set the world on fire
All he wanted to do was stay down in the hold
And smoke
And curl up with a good book

Which he did

He smoked and curled up with
The poems of Yevtushenko
The Theory of the Leisure Class
Perrault the Duc de La Rochefoucauld
Erewhon and Through the Looking Glass
Also assorted Elizabethan sonnets

When he had finished
He put himself out
And went to sleep

SCOTT BATES

lowed closely by Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, the War and all those other persons and things we now think of nostalgically as modern. Housman was not modern; he was a crusty old Latinist who concluded his lecture with a spirited diatribe against keeping up with the Joneses, what he called "servility shown toward the living." The servility was often found "in company with lack of veneration for the dead." Housman counseled thinking "more of the dead than of the living." He added:

> The dead have at any rate endured a test to which the living have not yet been subjected. If a man, fifty or a hundred years after his death, is still remembered and accounted a great man, there is a presumption in his favor which no living man can claim; and experience has taught me that it is no mere presumption. It is the dead and not the living who have most advanced our learning and science; and though their knowledge may have been superseded, there is no supersession of reason and intelligence. . . . If our conception of scholarship and our methods of procedure are at variance with theirs, it is not indeed a certainty or a necessity that we are wrong, but a good working hypothesis.

The Cambridge Press must have felt very daring in resurrecting these now treasonous words. Yet Pound, though he hated Housman and was in his time the noisiest advocate in Europe of making it new, would not have denied the past its due. And he would have been delighted at the attack on Swinburne. Similarly, most modern students of literature would until recently have gone along with Housman's major premises, though perhaps thinking Housman himself an old fuddy-duddy. The past *was*, literarily, depended on, until recently, by all camps; and by most the extravagances of Swinburne's showbiz criticism were deplored.

When I was in college the Swinburne sort of thing was well represented by Professor Billy Phelps at Yale. At that time both the old scholars and the New Critics, though at each other's throats, could agree to deplore Billy. Billy was a great popularizer, a legislator of low-brow tastes, an addict

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like Swinburne of purple appreciations. Billy perfectly satisfied his readers' and listeners' demands by doing for them what Housman in 1911 most scorned, presenting them with rusty conventional opinions "sprinkled over with epithets like *delicate, sympathetic* and *vital.*" Looking back I realize now that nearly the whole of my literary education – in works ancient or modern – was designed to combat what Billy encouraged. Particularly he encouraged the vice I. A. Richards, another Cambridge man, inveighed against: the stock response. From the old Latinists through the exponents of making it new the great sin against literature in those days was not to read it with one's own eyes and mind but to judge it according to opinions gratuitously purveyed by the likes of Billy.

Housman and the old scholars believed independence from faddish current opinion could be achieved by respecting both ancient texts and ancient authority. The New Critics favored the authority of the texts alone, ancient or modern. The difference was sometimes construed as that between the inductive and deductive mode, and it was certainly a difference sufficient in 1940 to tear English departments apart. Yet Billy and his kind remained, for both parties, a greater threat than destruction. When he retired at Yale in 1940 most members of the literature faculty were overjoyed; they felt that education could now resume.

Now another thirty years have passed, of which ten have been the Terrible Sixties. The sixties discredited evenhandedly the old scholars and the New Critics, leaving English departments on the ropes and increasingly dependent for their clientele upon offerings of that non-course known as Creative Writing (imagine Housman's lecture on Creative Writing). The sixties also reintroduced Swinburne and Billy with a vengeance, in the form of what Susan Sontag, who is not to be blamed for the *whole* thing, called an erotics of criticism. If the Howling Seventies give us more of the same, literary people of my generation and older will die even sourer than Housman.

A modest reversal is not more likely but pleasanter to contemplate: a thermidorian reaction. Some semblance of the past's authority would be restored, and the mind's role in creation and criticism reacknowledged. Suddenly students would discover quaint old characters like Housman, and loftily tell their parents about them. Eventually *Look* might publish a spread about Housman, together with wild bearded poets busily counting their feet.

Perhaps the Cambridge Press had the same crazy dream before they issued this book. In any event, here, in a mere fifty pages, is a past so remote as to be attractive, and an academic position so stodgy it's radical. Read Housman; he's the most.

Notable

McCarthy for President
by Arthur Herzog

(Viking Press; $6.95)

Mr. Herzog was a campaign worker for Eugene McCarthy, who noted what he saw of the drama, then questioned the producers, stars, bit players, script-writers, stagehands, ticket-sellers, promotion crew, bystanders – anyone and everyone. He has written a full, interesting account of the '68 McCarthy Campaign – who did what, where, how and sometimes why. It is sympathetic, perceptive, fair, full of facts. He stops short of prophecy: "A man met his times and there were certain incalculable results. Whether the man and his times will collide again no one can be sure."

Tides of Fortune, 1945-1955
by Harold Macmillan

(Harper & Row; $15.00)

The unflappable Mac, Britain's former Prime Minister, continues to turn out rich plum puddings of books. The third volume of his autobiography tells how he became Foreign Secretary, only to be shunted by Anthony Eden into the Exchequer (Treasury) just in time to evade involvement in the Suez crisis that ruined Eden. Summiteer Macmillan's first summit, in 1955, was disappointing: ". . . slow batting . . . stumps were drawn for the day about 5 p.m." And Britain was sensitive to being lectured by Dean Acheson and John Foster Dulles "as if we were a Balkan country." Macmillan thought the Americans "very jejune" but may have avenged himself by successfully selling Washington the domino theory; at the end of 1950 he was warning, "If Indo-China goes, Siam follows. Then Malaya . . ." Arsenic in the plum pudding?

But none for Churchill, who is seen enjoying, at 80, a lunch that included a dozen oysters and a chicken pie, washed down with moselle and brandy. Nevertheless, Britain had "no power, no credit, no authority abroad" and coming home was "like entering a madhouse." Everyone quarreled "like fun." When Socialist Aneurin Bevan called Tories "vermin," the Tories formed Vermin Clubs all over the country. Socialist Hugh Dalton, a predecessor at the Exchequer and as outspoken as Spiro T. Agnew, was compelled to resign as Chancellor over an indiscretion; the Tories complained, "My God! They've shot our fox." Marvelously entertaining, Mr. Macmillan also comes through as a shrewd politician.

Art & Pornography
by Morse Peckham

(Basic Books; $6.95)

This is a high level, one-man bull session about human behavior. Professor Peckham mixes psychology, philosphy, aesthetics, semantics, history and whatnot into a grand paste before

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displaying his grand theme about pornography. Pornography he finally tells us, is crucial to man's innovative drive, a drive beginning with Cain, the first dropout. Western culture since the Renaissance has been dependent upon innovation (for which the alternate words are creation and sin) for survival against a variety of powerful establishments. Among the great innovators are DeSade ("Of all the insights European culture has had into the condition of man, DeSade's may be the only valid one") and Freud.

If the book were not so eccentrically spacious, and if Peckham did not rattle on interminably, in sentences of Faulknerian length, it might fare better among those who most chiefly worry the issue of the culture's "tolerance for innovation," namely our judges. Peckham begins with an interesting discussion of the fallacies inherent in such legal decisions as Judge Woolsey's for *Ulysses*, but then he hides all mundane issues in three hundred pages of marvelous murk. The judges should read the book anyway, on long holidays from their own murk; Peckham sets up as an anti-establishment apologist of the first order, a very brainy devil's disciple.

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The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell, 1944-1969

(Simon & Schuster; $8.95)

"I have always held that no one can be respectable without being wicked." Now 97, Lord Russell is as virtuous as ever, and continues to hold, with Bernard Shaw, that most people over 40 are probably scoundrels. The third and final volume of his memoirs is witty enough to dispel false notions that Russell has gone senile, and outspoken enough to destroy the other rumor that he is or ever was a Communist or pacifist. He returns to wartime England from America with the MS of his *History of Western Philosophy* – which the British censors read to be sure that "a knowledge of philosophy could be of no use to the Germans" – and goes to jail after peace breaks out, for opposing nuclear war. The book includes important letters, from people like H. G. Wells and Albert Einstein, which make clear that had these famous contemporaries lived as long as he, they would have gone to jail with him.

The World Anthology edited by Anne Waldman

(Poems from the St. Mark's Poetry Project)
(Bobbs-Merrill; $7.50)

In the sixties art workshops became a significant social force for liberation from bad schools and bad lives. The St. Mark's Poetry Project of the Lower East Side in New York became an aesthetic force as well. This anthology prints work of over fifty authors including, for elder statesmen, Allen Ginsberg, John Ashbery, Paul Blackburn and Ted Berrigan. Except for gags not a rhyme or iamb is visible. Many dreams prevail, and wild collections of sensory matter.

Woodstock Nation by Abbie Hoffmann

(Vintage Books; $2.95)

Random House provided Abbie Hoffman with an office for five days to write this book. A wiser publisher

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would have told him to stick to writing on his forehead. The book is for those who went to the Woodstock Festival last summer, or wished they had, those who compose the new "nation" Hoffman has created. Hoffman will let almost anybody in who has long hair, makes the drug scene, and believes schools should be destroyed and parents killed; but he won't include Norman Mailer because Norman has gone capitalist. Norman will have to stay in the Nation of Pigs. Bob Dylan will too. Anyway the Woodstock Festival was great, but it wasn't victory. There's still the Chicago trial and the cops and all the other pigs, so there's work to do. "Dig it Samson, we gotta build an Army to defend Woodstock Nation. Dig it Samson, we got to help free our brothers and sisters in Prison . . . all we gotta do is spread the word for next summer . . ."

Our Brother's Keeper: The Indian in White America edited by Edgar S. Kahn

(World: New Community Press; $2.95)

Suppose that after next year's census someone from the federal government stopped by and said there had been a slight error, that the government no longer considered you white. Suppose also that they told you to live somewhere else; and they owned your house, which they could sell if they wished, determined whether you could draw money from your bank account, came to your home, got your kids and sent them to school at the other end of the country, and kept a 33-volume set of books on how to run your life. In such a world Weathermen would seem as playful as the Lil Rascals. Since 1834, however, the Bureau of Indian Affairs has decided who is and is not an American Indian and has controlled their land, schools, money, legal rights – very simply, their daily life. *Our Brother's Keeper* details the continuous humiliation of these people and their unsuccessful efforts to get the federal bureaucracy, the courts, congressional committees, The System to work for them. The Citizens' Advocate Center, which compiled the report, had hoped it would attract the same attention and concern as its previous study, *Hunger: USA*. It was not intended as a book to be reviewed, mulled over and forgotten; it was to be news. The day it was released *Our Brother's Keeper* was reported on the Washington *Post's* obituary page.

A Sea Change by J. R. Salamanca

(Alfred Knopf, $6.95)

The hero and narrator of this novel is a scholarly librarian with Jamesian sensibilities and dependent clauses. He is distracted from his manuscripts, early on, by a Chesapeake Bay romance. Marriage follows, a brief idyll, then galloping discontent leading to a fatal trip to the Riviera. Here the model is again James: Europe infects the hero's moral and academic health. He is abandoned by the betrayed girl and comes, too late, to repentance.

Fortunately Mr. Salamanca carries through with the "sea change" in ways that leave James far behind. The new Europe debauches his American with drink, sex and frankness, and even succeeds in simplifying his prose style. The change seems sometimes so great as to be grotesque, gothic; the reader is left wondering if the story is a great put-on. It isn't. It is the product of a talented and ambitious writer's impressive but sometimes losing struggle to merge ancient and modern novelistic modes.

The Oxford Book of Ballads edited by James Kinsley

(Oxford University Press; $8.50)

Joan Baez et cetera have raised a generation able to appreciate those old hits (real old; like medieval). "We have learned again," writes editor Kinsley, "what generations of scholars had forgotten – that ballads are narrative songs in which music and poetry are interdependent." The original *Oxford Book of Ballads* was put together in 1910 by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. But Sir Arthur "edited for a more prudish age"; Kinsley claims his new selection is more freewheeling. It's still more prudish however than *The Legendary Ballads of England and Scotland*, edited by John S. Roberts and published by Scribner in *The Chandos Classics*, before Quiller-Couch's time. Kinsley's "Thomas the Rhymer" for instance is less gusty than the legendary "Thomas of Ercildoune," who grabbed the fairy queen and "seven times by her he lay."

She said, "Thomas, thou likes this play;
What bride in boure may duel with thee?
Thou marrows me here this live long day;
I pray thee, Thomas, let me be."

Oxford's new selection is regrettably less bawdy but satisfyingly bloody, for example the Ballad of Tom-lin:

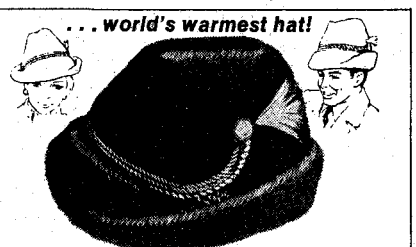
But had I ken'd, Tom-lin, she says,
What now this night I see,
I wad hae ta'en out thy twa grey een,
And put in two een o' tree!

Girls at Play by Paul Theroux

(Houghton Mifflin; $4.95)

A perpetually sweatshirted female Peace Corps volunteer ("the bulging San then the bulging Jose"), a paranoid and hungry-looking headmistress, and a British expatriate confront themselves and each other at a girl's boarding school in the Kenya bush. The confrontation is ultimately destructive, but Paul Theroux provides the reader with a few sardonic grins before the demise.

Trapped and frustrated, the females (all of whom incidentally dislike Africans) play a subtle game of one-upmanship – ants in the sugar bowl,



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collapsing chairs, gin in the coffee – that becomes less subtle at each little dinner party.

Theroux's novel can be summed up in his own words: "White women in Africa appear strikingly girlish – even the middle-aged ones . . ."

Living Poor: A Peace Corps Chronicle by Moritz Thomsen

(University of Washington Press; $6.95)

The author begins: "I got my Peace Corps application at the Post Office in Red Bluff, California, put it on the table in the kitchen, and walked around it for ten days without touching it, as though it were primed to detonate – as indeed it was – trying to convince myself that for a forty-eight year-old farmer the idea of Peace Corps service was impractical and foolhardy." From then on it's a lively tale of setting up a farm cooperative in a village in Ecuador – funny, sad, serious, light-hearted; most of all, human. The story and style are an amateur's triumph. He fights language, weather, prejudice, illness – and overcomes.

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Killing Medicine

Sirs:

We are students in several Medical Scientist Training Programs, some of which are supported by the National Institutes of Health. Our support has been assured despite the current scientific fiscal crisis. Nonetheless, we are most concerned with the tightening financial noose that is threatening to strangle the scientific institutions that have provided this country with both major medical advances and highly skilled physicians.

Our programs train us for both the M.D. and Ph.D. degrees. It would be quite easy to ignore the current problems and choose the more lucrative role of a practicing physician. Our programs commit us to a longer training period and lesser future financial benefits than the conventional medical training program. We desire to be part of the medical science community that is responsible for training new physicians, caring for patients in municipal hospitals, and making new advances in medical science.

The recent government cutbacks not only curtail basic medical research but also affect important applied medical and clinical research programs. All these endeavors are invaluable; it is impossible to turn off basic scientific research without diminishing the quality and slowing the progress of clinical advances. Furthermore, the loss of funds is threatening to denude our medical schools of their faculty, thus severely limiting growth, compromising the quality of presently existing medical schools, and aborting the formation of many needed new medical schools.

We are all at a point of decision concerning our future roles. We would prefer to be participants in the continuance of American medical scientific preeminence rather than the overseers of its disintegration. To join the medical research and teaching community is to entrust ourselves to a government that is currently reneging on its scientific commitments and thereby threatening future medical training, research, and care. It is difficult to fulfill our own responsibilities to medical progress in the face of our government's neglect of its responsibilities to the health of its citizens.

E. N. Goren
S. G. Waxman
D. S. Pisetsky
Albert Einstein College of Medicine, New York
M. H. Levin
I. Novick
New York University School of Medicine
H. Weintraub
University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine
M. L. Schwartz
F. Major
Duke University School of Medicine, Durham, N.C.
K. V. Olschansky
D. Gordon
J. R. Milley
University of Chicago Medical School

Agnew's Bible

Sirs:

In your Nov. 15th issue you state that Vice-President Agnew qualified as impudent "anyone who impugns a legacy of liberty and dignity that reaches back to Moses." That Mr. Agnew's ideas of liberty and human dignity coincide with those that prevailed in the days of Moses is not surprising. But was he, perhaps, implying that the punishment meted out to the man who gathered sticks on the Sabbath should apply also to the impudent man who would dare to dissent with the Word of the White House?

M. Pezas
New York City

Education in Brazil

Sirs:

Fagundes Bandeira's frightening article (NR, Nov. 8) about the developing savagery in Brazil was needed. It was well documented and closely reasoned with these few exceptions.

If the government is downgrading the humanities, it is high time.

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Humanities in Brazilian higher education means law and philosophy, highly academic and rigidly taught courses in which students are often disappointed. They produce thousands of unneeded lawyers while Petrobras, the government's oil monopoly, hires Texans because no Brazilian knows petroleum technology. The importance of the humanities should not be ignored, but the government is right this once in trying to do something to reduce dependence on US technicians.

There is no relation between humanities graduates and illiteracy. University graduates almost never teach in primary schools. Only ill-trained girls from normal schools who live at home can afford to earn $10 a month or less.

More importantly, the Brazilian university student is little interested in doing anything about illiteracy other than blaming the US for it. The saddest thing about that lovely, sad country is that almost no one cares for the poor and their problems except the occasional priest or foreigner.

Most students, if not constrained by the government's calculated cruelties, would do no more than demonstrate against US aid before joining their exploiter fathers on the fazendas. In Brazil interest in basic education is confined to those who don't have it. The attitude of the rest is best shown by the percentage of government expenditures on education which in 1967, according to the *New York Times* Rio correspondent, was last in the Americas, lower even than Haiti's.

When I was on the Peace Corps staff in Brazil (1967-1969), I was discouraged by the unreality of the views of the student left. That students are being unjustly and horribly treated now should not delude the US into thinking that they are the good guys in the wings that Americans are always looking for in Latin America.

E. Patrick Healy
New York City

Notes on Contributors

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Criminal Lawyers

Sirs:

Somewhat belatedly I write to commend Ronald Goldfarb's piece on "Prison: the National Poorhouse" (Nov. 1, 1969). As a legal services attorney working constantly with the poor I have been appalled – and even embarrassed and shamed – by the almost insurmountable hurdles encountered in trying to help juveniles charged with delinquency or adults accused of crime. It's depressing to enter Texas' juvenile courts, almost exclusively populated by black people and Mexican-Americans. Lawyers are a rarity – just probation officers and caseworkers. When there is a lawyer he is usually representing a middle-class white person ("anglo").

The picture is the same in our Criminal Courts. As for post-conviction (or post-adjudicative in the case of the juvenile) relief for those confined in penitentiaries or state schools, it's almost non-existent.

Frances T. Freeman Jalet
Houston, Texas

Personals

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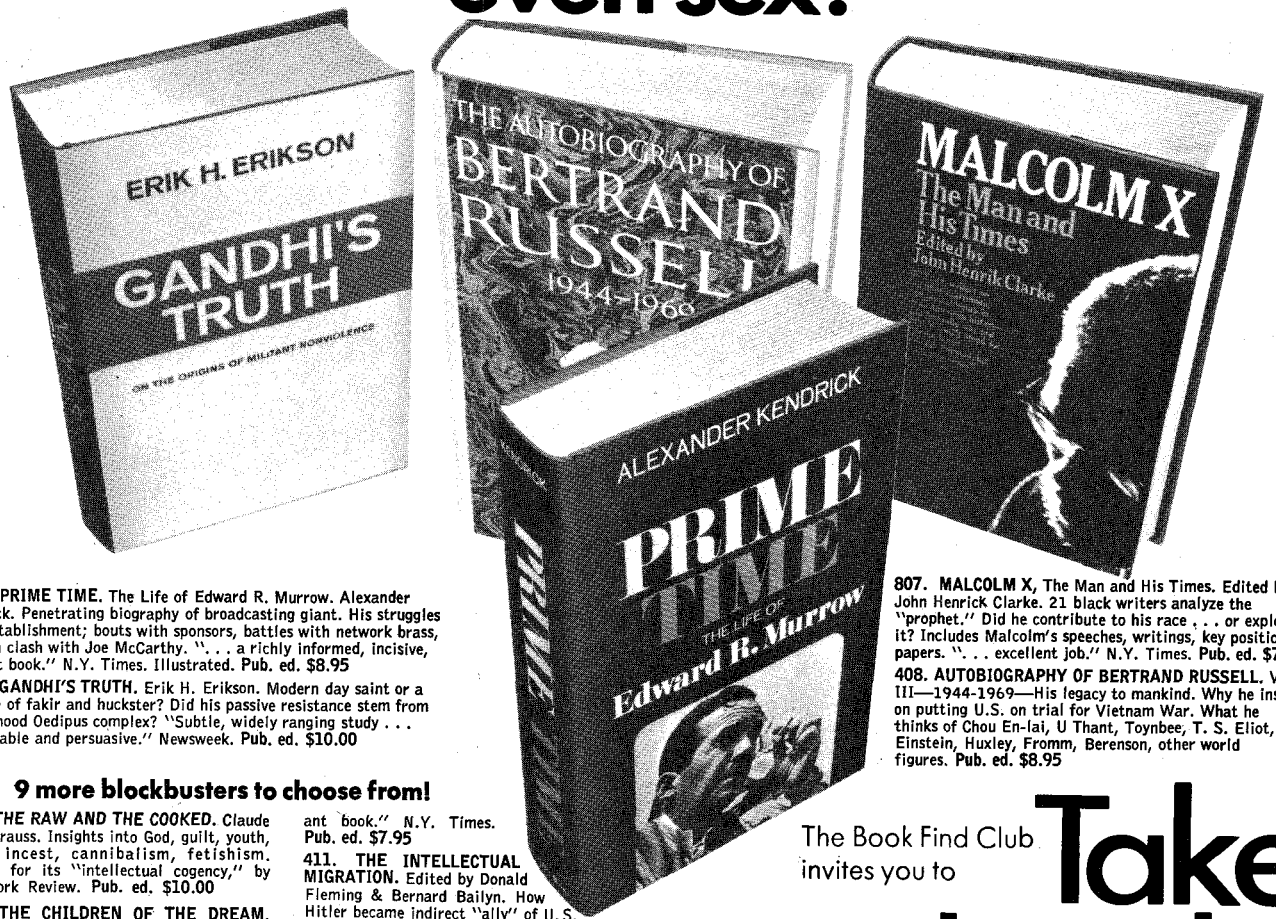

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